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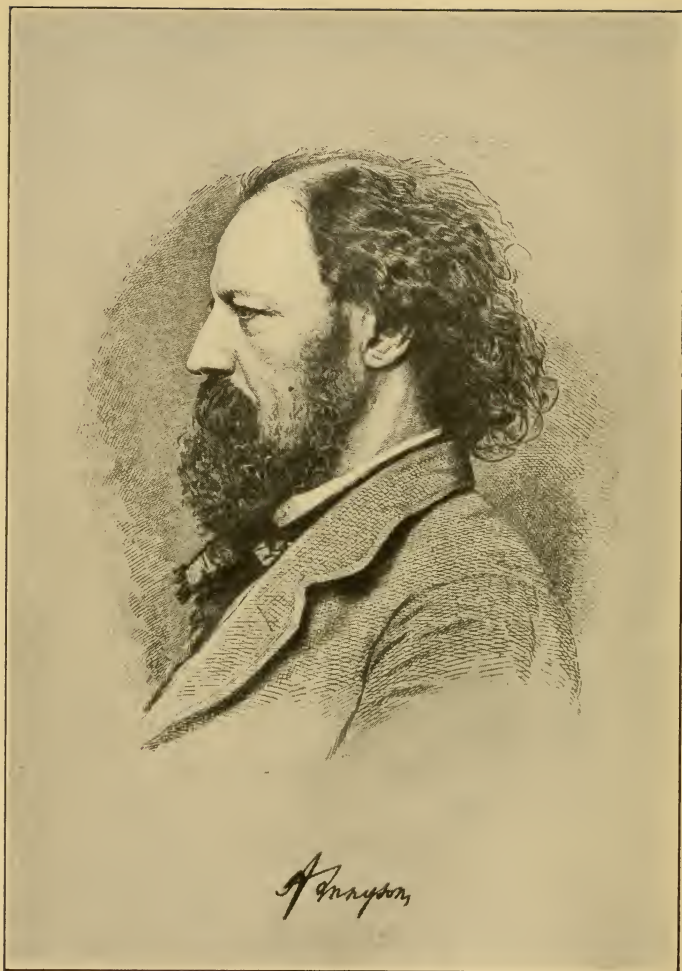












The Silver Series of English Classics

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# IN MEMORIAM

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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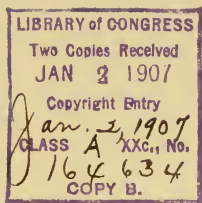
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TO  
J. B. C.  
IN MEMORY OF  
J. D. S.



## PREFACE

This little volume is put forth with the hope that it may help students in our schools and colleges and readers in general better to understand and more fully to enjoy what may be regarded as the great Laureate's masterpiece. For many reasons "In Memoriam" is hard to understand. The great number of personal allusions which it contains, the abstruseness of much of its thought, and the terseness of the language employed unite to make it difficult. In addition to this, most readers persist in regarding it as a series of disconnected poems when, as a matter of fact, it cannot be understood at all unless it is understood as a whole. The aim of the present edition is, therefore, to unify, to simplify, and to clarify. It is hoped that the division into cycles and sections may materially assist in unifying the poem, that the marginal headings will help to simplify and clarify, and that the notes will help in all three ways.

No attempt has been made to weigh down the notes with miscellaneous learning. I have, however, endeavored to explain all personal allusions, and in general all words and references which seem likely to be unfamiliar to the ordinary reader; to untangle cases of involved grammatical construction; to paraphrase difficult phrases or sentences; to quote passages from other authors with which the poet apparently presupposes familiarity, or which throw light on the thought or phraseology; and, above all, to make Tennyson his own interpreter by quoting from his other poems or his reported notes and conversations passages elucidating

or emphasizing what he says in "In Memoriam." In every case the notes are such as I have found practically useful in my own class-room.

I have made no attempt to note all the slight verbal changes which the poet made in the successive editions of the poem. They are sixty-two in number, most of them insignificant, and have been many times collated. In this omission I feel that I am quite in accord with the wishes of the poet himself, of whom his son observes: "He 'gave the people of his best,' and he usually wished that his best should remain without variorum readings, 'the chips of the work-shop,' as he called them." In only a few cases where the change is really significant, especially when the poet himself commented on it, have I departed from this rule and made a note of the change.

To former editions of "In Memoriam" and to many critics on both sides of the Atlantic every new editor must necessarily be indebted. Especially great is the debt which every student of Tennyson, the world over, owes to the beautiful memoir of the poet by his son. It is a treasure-house of interesting and valuable information, and one of the most satisfactory biographies ever written. My obligations to this and to various other books and magazine articles are duly acknowledged in the notes.

The preparation of this little volume has been a labor of love. Begun nearly ten years ago, and gone over year after year in connection with my classes in the literature of the nineteenth century, it has at last assumed a form which, it is hoped, may help a larger circle to appreciate one of the most beautiful as it is one of the most thoughtful and inspiring poems of modern times.

V. P. S.

University, North Dákota,  
September 27, 1906.

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## INTRODUCTION

### I. BIOGRAPHICAL

Alfred Tennyson was the son of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, M.A., LL.D., who in the early years of the nineteenth century was rector of the church at Somersby in Lincolnshire. Somersby, a quiet little hamlet, rests among the trees in the midst of a gently rolling country, a region of large wheat fields and soft pastures, of shaded, winding streams and tall-towered churches. Here, in the unpretentious but very comfortable rectory (still standing), the future poet was born August 6, 1809. He was fourth in a family of twelve, all of whom were so endowed with literary or artistic tastes that their home came to be described as "a nest of singing birds." But of them all, Alfred early showed the most marked ability. His brothers and sisters long remembered his interesting, improvised stories, some of which were absurdly humorous while others were "savagely dramatic."

The poet's first teacher was his mother, a good and beautiful woman, devoted to her home and children, of whom the poet gives us a picture in his poem "Isabel." He received his early education mainly at home but partly at the grammar school in the neighboring village of Louth, where his grandmother lived. After three years at Louth, where he was not happy, Alfred, with his brother Charles,

who was his senior by only a year, passed to the tutelage of their father. Dr. Tennyson was a very scholarly man, and he gave his boys a fine training in Latin, Greek, French, mathematics, and the elements of natural science. Also, by way of directing their reading in English, he opened his excellent library to them. Here they became acquainted with the greatest English classics, reading and enjoying among other books the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, Defoe, and Bunyan. Alfred attended to his studies and did well in them, but found time for his favorite diversion of verse making. He imitated the styles of various English poets, and when he was about twelve wrote an epic of six thousand lines in the manner of Scott, full of battles and descriptions of sea and mountain scenery. A little later he wrote a drama in blank verse. His father, who had the artist's temperament, was rather proud of his son's precocious talents. On the contrary his grandfather, a blunt, practical man, thought very little of them. When, on the occasion of his grandmother's death, Alfred wrote some verses to her memory, his grandfather, apparently touched by the boy's devotion, gave him half a guinea, saying: "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last."

Early in 1827 the two brothers (for Charles also was fond of versifying) arranged with a bookseller and printer at Louth to publish a volume of their poems. This volume was entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." It contained one hundred and two poems in many different styles. Perhaps that which was most significant and interesting about the book was the brief Latin motto on the title-page, "*Haec nos novimus esse nihil.*" Just because the boys realized that their poems were nothing, they could go on and im-

prove. In the high ideals of these young poets we see the promise of their later excellence. For their modest little volume the boys received fifty dollar's worth of books and fifty dollars in cash. On the day of publication they celebrated the event by hiring a carriage and driving off to the seashore at Mabelthorpe, a favorite resort with them, where they "shared their triumph with the wind and waves." One, at least, of the literary journals of the day gave the book a favorable review; but looking back on his work in after years, Alfred spoke of it as "early rot."

About a year later (Feb. 1828) the two boys entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where their older brother Frederick had already distinguished himself. Alfred at this time was a handsome fellow, six feet tall, athletic and graceful, with thick, wavy, dark hair, and the eyes of a poet. Fanny Kemble, who through her brother John saw something of the life of the University, said of him when at college, "Alfred Tennyson was our hero, the great hero of our day." Notwithstanding a certain shyness and reserve, not unnatural in boys who had scarcely ever been away from home, and in spite of the fact that they did not room in the college dormitories, they soon made many friends, and became a part of a coterie as brilliant as any ever gathered within the venerable walls of Cambridge. With their friends they formed a little society called "The Apostles," which met frequently for debates on literary and social questions. The spirit of progress and reform was in the air and to this spirit the entire band was eagerly devoted. Among the members of this group were Spedding (later the biographer of Bacon), Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Alford (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), Blakesley (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), Merivale (afterwards Dean of

Ely), W. F. Brookfield, and J. M. Kemble. To these latter two Tennyson later wrote poems.

But the "Apostle" to whom Alfred became most warmly attached was Arthur H. Hallam, the son of Henry Hallam, the distinguished historian. Arthur had prepared for the University at Eton, the most famous of English fitting schools, and entered Trinity at the age of seventeen, a few months after Alfred (Oct. 1828). In many ways Arthur Hallam was a remarkable young man. Brilliant, studious, and thoughtful, yet cheerful, companionable, and utterly unselfish, he combined the traits of character which give both strength and charm to manhood. Moreover, his personal magnetism was great and fascinated all who came in contact with him. Of the many tributes to his memory, that which Mr. Gladstone paid him is perhaps the highest. In his old age the great statesman who had known Arthur Hallam at Eton could look back over fourscore years and say :\*

"Far back in the distance of my early life and upon a surface not yet ruffled by contention, there lies the memory of a friendship surpassing every other that has been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and in the excellence of his friends. It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal school boy, he stood supreme among all his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many

\*See *The Youth's Companion* for Jan. 6, 1898.

men of rich endowments, leaves him where he then stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned."

A tribute such as this is worthy of a place with that other more famous one which Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, an old man like Gladstone, paid to his boyhood friend, when he requested that on his tomb should be recorded what he deemed the greatest honor of his long and brilliant career, that he had been "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

Between Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson there grew up during their college days a strong and beautiful friendship. Together they studied and read; and as they boated on the Cam, or strolled in Trinity gardens or about the neighboring country, they talked of their plans for the future, and discussed questions of literature, science, and social reform. In 1829 both wrote poems on "Timbuctoo" in competition for the Vice-Chancellor's medal. Much to Hallam's delight, the prize went to his friend, and he wrote enthusiastically to Gladstone that he considered Tennyson as bidding fair to become the greatest poet of their generation, perhaps of the century. Alfred, meantime, was just as certain of the coming eminence of his friend in literature and statesmanship. They planned to publish together a volume of poems. Arthur's father, however, did not approve the plan, and Alfred's poems appeared alone. These were the verses of the 1830 volume, entitled, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." Arthur, who was deeply interested in the success of the book, wrote a review of it in the *Englishman's Magazine* for August, 1831. This review was laudatory, but at the same time judicious and keenly analytical. It still ranks as one of the most accurate and discriminating bits of Tennysonian criticism ever written.

Meantime, in the summer of 1830, the two boys went on a

vacation pilgrimage through France into the Pyrenees, having in mind a romantic desire to give aid to the Spanish insurgents who were rebelling against the Inquisition and the tyranny of King Ferdinand. After many interesting experiences, they returned and resumed once more their University work. Alfred's college days, however, were numbered. In February, 1831, he was summoned home by the illness of his father. The illness proved fatal, and Alfred, believing it to be his duty to assume the care of the family's affairs, did not return to his studies. Hallam continued at Trinity and took his degree in the following January. Shortly after, while living with his father at 67 Wimpole Street, he began the study of law at the Inner Temple, London.

In spite of their separation, the two friends continued to see much of each other. Alfred went down to London and spent many happy hours with Arthur in his "den" at the top of the house in the "long unlovely street." Even more frequently did Arthur go to Somersby. Thither he was drawn not only by friendship but by love; for by this time he had become engaged to Emily Tennyson, the poet's second sister. In the summer the friends took another trip on the continent, and made a tour of the Rhine. Together they planned Alfred's next volume of poems, which was published late in 1832. This volume showed work of a more original character than any of his previous publications and included several poems which are still classed among Tennyson's masterpieces, such as "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," "Ænone," "The Lotus Eaters," and "The Lady of Shalott." A volume of this character could not fail to attract attention. It was read by the progressive young men at the University with the greatest enthusiasm, and at the Cambridge Union it



gave rise to this question for debate: "Tennyson or Milton, which is the greater poet?" Some of the professional critics however, were not so appreciative. Among the reviews which appeared was one in the *Quarterly* for July, 1833, which ranks as one of the severest criticisms ever written. It was unsigned, but has always been supposed to have come from the sharp-pointed pen of John Gibson Lockhart, the "Scorpion."

While this new volume of Alfred's poems was being thus approved and condemned, Arthur set out with his father for a pleasure trip to the Danube. He had gone as far as Buda-Pesth, and was on his way home when, on the fifteenth of September, having suffered only slightly from an attack of intermittent fever, he died of a sudden rush of blood to the head. It was found on examination that the blood-vessels in his brain were weak and that under no circumstances could he have lived long. His remains were brought back to England and were buried in St. Andrew's church, Clevedon, in Somersetshire, near the home of his grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. The following inscription was engraved upon his tomb:

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM  
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM ESQUIRE  
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE  
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON BARONET  
OF CLEVEDON COURT  
WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH  
AT VIENNA ON SEPTEMBER 15TH 1833  
IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE  
AND NOW IN THIS OBSCURE AND SOLITARY CHURCH  
REPOSE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

ONE TOO EARLY LOST FOR PUBLIC FAME  
BUT ALREADY CONSPICUOUS AMONG HIS COTEMPOR-  
ARIES FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GENIUS  
THE DEPTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING  
THE NOBLENES OF HIS DISPOSITION  
THE FERVOUR OF HIS PIETY  
AND THE PURITY OF HIS LIFE  
VALE DULCISIME  
VALE DILECTISIME DESIDERATISIME  
REQUIESCAS IN PACE  
PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM  
USQUE AD TUBAM

The sudden death of his friend was paralyzing to Tennyson. It brought him up against the hard realities of life. A thousand questions as to the meaning of suffering and evil pressed upon him. Deprived of that counsel and encouragement upon which he had depended constantly, he was completely at a loss. The fierce onslaught of the *Quarterly* had made him suspicious of his poetical powers; without the friend who believed in him, he was without confidence in himself. Not for almost ten years, if we except two or three passing publications in periodicals, did he again break silence. During these years, however, he was not idle. He read the world's best literature, Greek, Latin, Italian, German, English. He studied History, Chemistry, Botany, Mechanics, Animal Physiology, and Theology. He brooded over the problems of life, individual and social, and proved himself to be, indeed, what Carlyle said of him, "a man solitary and sad, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chaos about him which he is manufacturing into Cosmos." Moreover, during these years the poet composed almost incessantly, perfecting himself in the art of composition; he re-wrote many of his earlier pieces, refining and strengthening them, and produced others con-

taining a more vital and vigorous message than he had heretofore uttered. When at length, after his long silence and period of secret thought and effort, he published in 1842, two new volumes, he found an immediate hearing. At home and abroad he was hailed as the foremost English poet of the day. Among the poems given to the world at this time were "Locksley Hall," "Dora," "Morte d'Arthur," "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," and "Break, Break, Break." Five years later appeared "The Princess," a more ambitious work than the poet had before attempted. In it was discussed, in an amusing yet thoughtful way, a problem which was just beginning to attract attention in both England and America, the problem of the higher education of women.

By far the greatest product, however, of these years of quiet meditation was as yet unrevealed. Immediately after Hallam's death, the poet formed the habit of jotting down in verse the thoughts and feelings which came to him in connection with the memory of his friend. As the years went by and his vision grew clearer he still continued the habit until at length he had composed one hundred and thirty of these "Elegies," as he had at first called them. At first he had not thought of publishing them. As the years went by, however, there grew upon him the wish to set up a memorial to his gifted friend. Moreover, he hoped to be able to help and comfort other bereaved spirits by the story of his own bitterness of soul, his struggle with grief and gloom, and his final peace and faith. Accordingly, in June, 1850, he published "In Memoriam."

This same month also witnessed his marriage. Twenty years before he had first met Miss Emily Sellwood, then a young girl of seventeen. Six years later he again met her at the marriage of her sister Louisa to his brother

Charles. On this second occasion he fell in love with her and the two soon became engaged. The poet's financial resources, however, were so limited that he did not feel able to assume the responsibility of maintaining a home of his own, and the engagement was broken. But in 1850 the prospect seemed brighter. A pension of \$1,000 a year had been granted him by the government, and his publisher guaranteed to him a regular annual income from his books. In addition, he received \$1,500 in advance for "In Memoriam." Accordingly he sought out his sweetheart once more; the engagement was renewed; and on June 13th the two lovers were at last united. Their marriage proved very happy. Writing of his wife in after years Tennyson said: "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." This year of his marriage (1850) is noteworthy in the poet's life for yet another reason. The death of Wordsworth in April had left vacant the poet laureateship and on the nineteenth of November Tennyson was appointed to the post. It is a fact of interest for students of "In Memoriam" that the appointment to the laureateship came to Tennyson largely because of Prince Albert's admiration for that poem. The first production of the new laureate in his official capacity was his impressive "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," published on the morning of the funeral in November, 1852.

His next publication of note (1855) was "Maud," never a very popular poem, but always a favorite with the poet himself. Then, in 1859, appeared the first of the "Idylls of the King." Tennyson had, like every great English poet before him, long known and loved the old Arthurian romances. His fondness for them, then only in suggestion, was shown as far back as 1832, and it was even more evident in the volume of 1842. In 1859 it bore rich fruitage. The

idea, however, grew upon him even after the publication of the first five idylls. The scope of the series widened as time went on; those which had at first been intended as separate poems or pictures, were united as the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eleventh parts of one great whole, and in the years that followed the poet gradually filled in the gaps. Four more "Idylls" were published in 1869; another, the tenth, in 1871; another, the second, in 1872; and a final one, the fifth, in 1885. Together, as they now stand, they are unquestionably the best English epic since Milton.

Tennyson had now in a most conclusive way shown his power as a writer of various sorts of lyrics, of ballads of many kinds, of character pieces, of dialect verse, and of epic poetry. But there was one form of poetic expression which he had not yet tried. This was the difficult and almost abandoned field of the literary drama. That at the age of sixty-five he should attempt this entirely new line of work is almost a unique fact in literary history; that he met with a large measure of success is a signal proof of his continued versatility and virility. The three dramas of his great historical trilogy, "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), and "Becket" (1884), are generally admitted to surpass in excellence all other poetical dramas since Shakespeare's. In them are portrayed three great epochs in the history of England. Of the three, "Becket" is the most successful on the stage, while "Queen Mary" ranks first as a study in character painting. In addition to these three masterpieces, several shorter plays came from Tennyson's pen between 1879 and 1892.

In the year 1883 the poet was offered a barony by Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. He had previously refused a baronetcy, and would have preferred to remain

plain Alfred Tennyson to the end. Mr. Gladstone, however, insisted that the Queen wished to honor him not only for his own sake but also as a representative man of letters. It was felt that literary ability as well as military prowess or business success should be recognized by the government. So in consideration of the Queen's desires, the poet became Lord Tennyson, Baron of Aldworth and Faringford.

In 1892 several new works appeared from the venerable but still vigorous pen of the aged poet; but during the summer he visibly failed. On the evening of Oct. 6th, with his family about him, the moonlight coming in through the oriel window above his bed, his hand clasping a volume of Shakespeare, and his son Hallam repeating his own beautiful prayer, "God accept him! Christ receive him!" he died. The funeral was held at Westminster Abbey on Oct. 12th. Among the pall-bearers were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Lord Kelvin, Professor Jowett, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Henry White, who represented Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, then United States Minister to England. The great Abbey was crowded with mourners; the services were simple and majestic; and the body was laid in the "Poet's Corner," in front of the Chaucer monument and next to the grave of his friend and brother poet, Robert Browning.

## II. IN MEMORIAM: ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND STRUCTURE

### A.

"In Memoriam" is a tribute of a great poet to a dear friend. But it is more. It is a discussion by a great thinker and prophet of some of the fundamental problems of life. Begun, perhaps, as a simple elegy like "Lycidas" or "Adonais," it gradually outgrew its original concep-



tion and became a poem of religious thought and personal experience.

The death of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, brought Tennyson face to face with many questions to which hitherto he had given little serious attention. Reaching out for comfort and reassurance, he found at first only the blankness of despair and reminders of his loss. The traditional theories of theology and philosophy appeared to him misty and intangible; he saw no help in them.

As the years slipped by, however, light began to appear. Though realizing his loneliness as keenly as before, he gathered at length a sense of strength and wisdom from his suffering — “gains,” he phrased it. As a result of his long and wistful brooding, the world assumed new meanings formerly unguessed. Hope, which had left his heart, returned. Life seemed to him grander than it had ever seemed before. And a peace, derived from a contemplation of the deepest and most vital facts in human experience, possessed his soul.

The poem is intensely personal; rarely has a man so plainly laid bare his inmost self. It contains many purely personal pictures,—pictures of home life and college life, and of his friend’s burial. Yet there are few poems more universal. The sense of bereavement, the despair which death brings in its train, the struggle for comfort and reassurance,—these are experiences common to all mankind. Realizing this, the poet wrote not only for himself but for the whole race of suffering men. He once said of this poem: “‘I’ is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking thro’ him.” (*Memoir*, I, 305.) Hallam Tennyson tells us that his father sometimes called the series of “In Memoriam” “The Way of the Soul.” (*Memoir*, I, 393.)

While "In Memoriam" is thus both a personal and a universal poem, it is also peculiarly the product of the nineteenth century. It certainly could not have been written in the eighteenth century, and it may be that before the end of the twentieth some parts of it will seem odd and old-fashioned. In a unique way it expresses the ideas of the age that produced it, and to many thoughtful students it has not seemed uncritical to call it the typical poem of recent times.

The age in which we live has been forced to think over again all the conceptions and theories inherited from the past. Modern science with its wonderful discoveries and its still more wonderful hypotheses has caused an intellectual upheaval surpassing any similar upheaval since the Renaissance. Many of the long-accepted commonplaces of philosophy and theology have fallen never to rise again. In consequence, numbers of earnest men have felt the traditional foundations of belief failing them, and have found themselves face to face with facts and theories which seemed to them cruel and unintelligible. Some have clung in despair to the traditional; some, in their impatience confounding essentials and non-essentials, have thrown aside everything that is old merely because it is old. In both of these courses we see extremes; both result in doubt, perplexity and gloom. Here and there, however, we discover a thinker who has taken the wise middle course, who has boldly faced the facts, by dissection freed the true from the merely traditional, and finally emerged from the struggle, strong in a new and firmer faith, buoyant with a brighter and wiser hope.

Such a thinker was Alfred Tennyson. From his youth even to his old age he was an enthusiastic student of natural science. He was, in fact, a typical modern man, wel-

coming truth with an open and receptive mind, and daring to look squarely at the facts of the material world. He fully recognized the difficulties involved in the new views of nature and of life. Indeed, for a time, these difficulties seemed to him insuperable, and he was almost overwhelmed by a materialistic philosophy. But from this quagmire he at length emerged, by his experience better prepared to become an intelligent and sympathetic guide. The story of his soul during these years of catastrophe and reconstruction we find in "In Memoriam."

The secret of Tennyson's ultimate triumph is found in the fact that he was a poet as well as a scientist. His mind was too great to confine itself entirely to the facts revealed by the microscope or telescope, the scalpel or reagent. He recognized that there is a world within as well as a world without. During all his years of hesitation, the thought of his friend was ever present with him. He realized that their mutual love was a fact as certain and as vital as any revealed by star or egg or fossil. He felt that to be true to *all* the facts he must not ignore this fact. Accordingly, he posited *Love* as a necessary datum in his philosophy of life, and to this conclusion he clung,

"Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravin, shrieked against his creed."

Moreover, he was thoroughly convinced that mere knowledge, however obtained, is not of itself capable of solving all the mysteries of life. He decided that it has to do only with "things we see," that it is "earthly, of the mind." And the mind, he asserted, is not the only tribunal. Upon this point his friend Arthur Hallam had written: "The great error of the Deistical mode of arguing is the assumption that intellect is something more pure and akin to

Divinity than emotion.” With his friend’s statement Tennyson fully agreed, and he determined not to fall into the error himself. He resolved to give “emotion” its rightful place, to listen to his heart no less than to his head. Already he had, as we have seen, by a process of mental reasoning, accepted love between human souls as a *fact* in his philosophy of life. Now, listening to his heart, he was carried further to the belief that love is not only within us but likewise without us, an essential part of the external universe. This belief which his heart had asserted, his intellect, when appealed to, affirmed, assuming that love must indeed be a part of the universal plan, since otherwise life would be nothing but a delusive mockery.

Something which he had frequently noted—which at first shocked and grieved him—was the fact that with the lapse of time our bereavements lose much of their poignancy. That regret itself should die, that love should change to indifference, seemed to him at first a certain evidence of man’s weakness and selfishness. His grief he resolved to cherish. Yet even to him, after a time, came, in spite of himself, a lessening of the bitterness of grief, a renewed enjoyment of life. His harp would fain sound only notes of woe; but somehow,

“The glory of the sum of things  
Would flash along the chords.”

The truth was that the buoyancy of his spirit had got the better of his determination. It took some time for the spirit thus to assert itself; but the assertion was none the less positive and insistent. Tennyson finally accepted this cheerful self-assertion of his spirit as another fact in the problem. Believing that the spirit is divine and hence authoritative, he was finally willing to admit that it

may have some finer knowledge of the Eternal Verities than the intellect alone can give. This admission was one reason why he so carefully emphasized the chronological element in the poem. He wished to make clear the slow but steady influence of Time's healing touch.

The fundamental, conclusive idea of the poem Tennyson tersely stated in conversation during the last summer of his life:—"God is Love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get this faith from Nature or the world. If we look on Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder and rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognizes that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good." (*Memoir*, I, 314.) A poetical statement of the same idea is found in CXXIV, and elsewhere.

This, then, is the significance of "In Memoriam." It is a poem in which a master thinker, in the presence of life's most serious problems, faces the difficulties squarely, finds them at first seemingly insurmountable, but gradually, by being true to the best within him, by accepting his spiritual self as an authentic oracle, and by positing Love as a universal law, attains through gloom and doubt and wistful yearnings to final faith and peace.

## B.

It is a great mistake to regard "In Memoriam" as a series of disconnected poems. Tennyson, it is true, at first thought of calling his work "Fragments of an Elegy." At other times he spoke of the separate poems as "The Elegies." As the series grew into its final form, however, he saw that such a name would not be fair to his work or to himself. The poem, as it now stands, is a unit, and to be

rightly understood and duly appreciated it must be considered as a whole.

In order to consider anything as a whole it is first necessary to see the relation of part to part. All students of "In Memoriam" have accordingly felt the necessity of grouping the one hundred and thirty-one poems of the series in related sections. The poet himself felt this necessity and mentioned two different ways in which the grouping might be done. One method, mentioned by his son in the *Memoir* (I, 305), is by a four-fold division, the Christmas poems marking the breaks. The other was suggested by the poet to Mr. Knowles (*The Nineteenth Century*, XXXIII, 182). According to this plan there are "nine natural groups or divisions." Some commentators have adopted one method; and some, the other; while still others have preferred groupings of their own. It would seem, however, that groupings given by the author should be preferred. Each of the plans mentioned by him has its advantages, and there is no reason why they should not be combined. In fact, they coincide except that the four-fold division makes a break at LXXVIII, whereas the nine-fold division does not. By recognizing this break, we find that the series falls into four "cycles," each of which, except the last, is subdivided into two or more groups. Each "cycle," except the first, and possibly the last, represents the thoughts and feelings of a year. Each is in a different mood; each marks a well-defined stage in intellectual and spiritual development.

It is, of course, not to be supposed that these time indications are exactly correct. "It must be remembered," wrote Tennyson, "that this is a poem, *not* an actual biography." (*Memoir*, I, 304.) The period covered by the compositions was, as a matter of fact, much more than three and one-



half years. The third Christmas poem does not refer to the Christmas of 1835, as some have supposed, but to that of

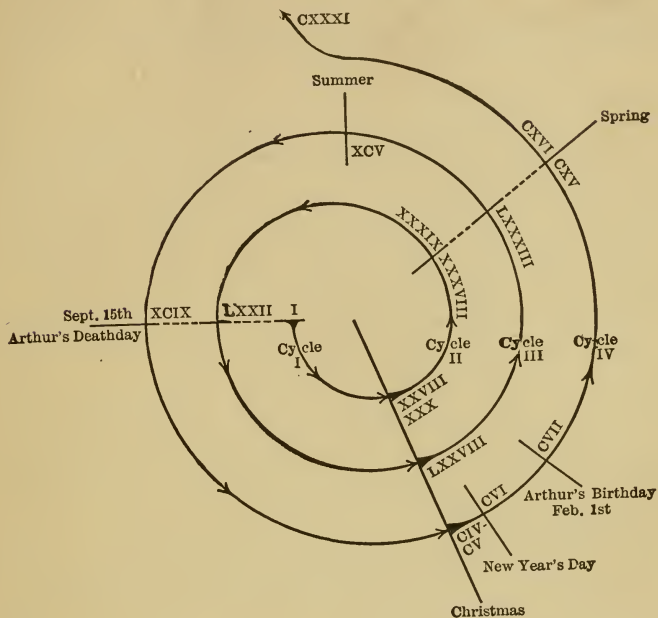


CHART SHOWING STRUCTURE OF "IN MEMORIAM."

1837. Still, from the point of view of the poem itself, these discrepancies may well be ignored. The poet evidently wished his readers to think of the series as having been written in somewhat less than four years, and as representing the changing moods which came to him during that period. Each year he mentions the coming of the spring; twice he refers to the anniversary of his friend's death; once he makes mention of his friend's birthday. The noting of this time element and the comparison of the

various poems written on the recurrence of certain days or seasons is essential to a true understanding not only of the structure, but of the meaning of the poem. The accompanying chart gives an idea of the relation of the "cycles."

## C.

The metre of "In Memoriam" is iambic tetrameter, the lines being arranged in quatrains riming *abba*. In regard to this stanza-form, Tennyson himself said: "I had no notion till 1880 that Lord Herbert of Cherbury had written his occasional verses in the same metre. I believed myself the originator of the metre, until after 'In Memoriam' came out, when some one told me that Ben Jonson<sup>1</sup> and Sir Philip Sidney<sup>2</sup> had used it." (*Memoir*, I, 305-6.) It has been noted that several other poets had also anticipated Tennyson in the use of this verse-form.<sup>3</sup> Prior to the publication of "In Memoriam," Tennyson had himself employed the metre in three poems, published in the volumes of 1842.

But the question of originality is, after all, a minor matter. What is of real significance is the adaptability of the form to the work in hand. That an elegy should have a slow-moving and dignified metre is self-evident; that the metre of "In Memoriam" meets this requirement, a little consideration will make clear. It is a significant fact that the rime for the first line, instead of coming in the following line, as in the couplet, or in the third line, as in the more usual stanza-form, is withheld until the fourth line. This

<sup>1</sup> In "Underwoods" XXXIX.

<sup>2</sup> In translation of the 37th Psalm.

<sup>3</sup> For a discussion of this matter, see an article by C. A. Smith in *The Dial*, Vol. XXII, p. 351.



causes a suspense which suggests deliberation and fits in admirably with the pensive mood of the poem. Again, Tennyson desired a metre which would allow him to weave together his stanzas into strongly unified poems. Now in couplets or triplets, or in quatrains where the final rime is made prominent, the final riming word emphasizes the close of the stanza, and, as it were, calls upon the mind to rest. It is a familiar fact that Shakespeare very frequently employed a couplet at the close of a scene or a speech for this very purpose. But in the "envelope quatrain," as the "In Memoriam" stanza may be called, the final rime-emphasis is greatly reduced by the fact that the riming word with which the final word agrees is three lines back. The stanzas, accordingly, do not stand out prominently as stanzas, but easily coalesce. This is illustrated in a striking way by LXXXVI. On the other hand, if the poet wishes to emphasize individual lines in the envelope quatrain form of verse, he can easily do so, as is seen in CVI.

The metre of "In Memoriam" is thus especially appropriate, and in the use of it Tennyson shows a master's skill. Some cases of special felicity are mentioned in the notes. The student can readily find other examples for himself.

### III. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

For the thorough study of "In Memoriam," or any other of Tennyson's works, two books are of prime importance, namely, the Complete Works of Tennyson (published by Macmillan; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; or Crowell), and Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir, by His Son (two volumes, Macmillan). In addition to these, the following, among many, will be found especially helpful:

The Poetry of Tennyson, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribners).

Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life, by Stopford A. Brooke (Putnam).

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A. H. H.

OBITU MDCCCXXXIII.

Prologue.

1. STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;
2. Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made!
3. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.
4. Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.
5. Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
6. We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

7. Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,
8. But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock thee when we do not fear:  
But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.
9. Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
What seem'd my worth since I began;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.
10. Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.
11. Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849

## CYCLE I. LOSS AND PERSONAL GRIEF

### SECTION I. THE FIRST DESPAIR: MOODS OF GLOOM AND DEEP DEPRESSION

#### I.

The poet wonders if there can be a hidden blessing in bereavement.

1. I held it truth, with him who sings  
    To one clear harp in divers tones,  
    That men may rise on stepping-stones  
    Of their dead selves to higher things.
2. But who shall so forecast the years  
    And find in loss a gain to match,  
    Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
    The far-off interest of tears?
3. Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
    Let darkness keep her raven gloss:  
    Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
    To dance with Death, to beat the ground,
4. Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
    The long result of love, and boast,  
    "Behold the man that loved and lost,  
    But all he was is overworn."

#### II.

The church-yard Yew, gloomy, unchanging, is a fit type of his grief.

1. Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
    That name the underlying dead,  
    Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
    Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

2. The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.
3. O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale,  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom;
4. And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to fail from out my blood  
And grow incorporate into thee.

## III.

He cherishes  
gloomy  
thoughts,  
though con-  
vinced of their  
falsity.

1. O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,  
O priestess in the vaults of Death,  
O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
What whispers from thy lying lip?
2. "The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;  
A web is woven across the sky;  
From out waste places comes a cry,  
And murmurs from the dying sun:
3. "And all the phantom, Nature, stands—  
With all the music in her tone,  
A hollow echo of my own,—  
A hollow form with empty hands."
4. And shall I take a thing so blind,  
Embrace her as my natural good;  
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IV.

After a night  
of troubled  
dreams, he  
resolves to  
throw off the  
lethargy of  
grief.

1. To Sleep I give my powers away;  
My will is bondsman to the dark;  
I sit within a helmless bark,  
And with my heart I muse and say:
2. "O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,  
Who scarcely darest to inquire,  
'What is it makes me beat so low?'
3. Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years.  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!"
4. Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
All night below the darken'd eyes;  
With morning wakes the will, and  
cries,  
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

## V.

Composition,  
though inadequate to express his feelings, gives his heart some relief.

1. I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.
2. But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
3. In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

## VI.

The poet reflects that the commonplaces of condolence in the presence of Death are futile.

1. One writes that "Other friends remain,"  
That "Loss is common to the race"—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.
2. That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more:  
Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.
3. O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
Who pledgest now thy gallant son,  
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.
4. O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
5. Ye know no more than I who wrought  
At that last hour to please him well;  
Who mused on all I had to tell,  
And something written, something thought;
6. Expecting still his advent home;  
And ever met him on his way  
With wishes, thinking "Here to-day,"  
Or, "Here to-morrow will he come."
7. O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair;  
And glád to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!



8. For now her father's chimney glows  
In expectation of a guest;  
And thinking "This will please him  
best,"  
She takes a riband or a rose;
9. For he will see them on to-night;  
And with the thought her color burns;  
And, having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right;
10. And, even when she turn'd, the curse  
Had fallen, and her future lord  
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,  
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.
11. O what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good?  
To her perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend.

## VII.

The familiar  
door is re-  
visited and his  
desolation even  
more keenly  
realized.

1. Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,
2. A hand that can be claspt no more—  
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door.
3. He is not here; but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

## VIII.

In his grief he  
still writes,  
because his  
poems pleased  
Arthur.

1. A happy lover who has come  
    To look on her that loves him well,  
    Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home,—
2. He saddens, all the magic light  
    Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
    And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight:
3. So find I every pleasant spot  
    In which we two were wont to meet,  
    The field, the chamber, and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not.
4. Yet as that other, wandering there  
    In those deserted walks, may find  
    A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care:
5. So seems it in my deep regret,  
    O my forsaken heart, with thee  
    And this poor flower of poesy  
Which, little cared for, fades not yet.
6. But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,  
    I go to plant it on his tomb,  
    That if it can it there may bloom,  
Or, dying, there at least may die.

SECTION II. THE POET FOLLOWS IN SPIRIT THE SHIP BRING-  
ING ARTHUR'S BODY HOME FOR BURIAL: VARIOUS  
MOODS OF GRIEF

## IX.

A prayer for  
a quiet  
voyage.

1. Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.
2. So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.
3. All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor,  
bright  
As our pure love, thro' early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.
4. Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love;
5. My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

## X.

To be buried  
at home is  
better than to  
be lost at sea.

1. I hear the noise about thy keel;  
I hear the bell struck in the night:  
I see the cabin-window bright;  
I see the sailor at the wheel.

2. Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
And travell'd men from foreign lands;  
And letters unto trembling hands;  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.
3. So bring him: we have idle dreams:  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems
4. To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,
5. Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine,  
And hands so often claspt in mine  
Should toss with tangle and with shells

## XI.

Reverie during  
a walk on a  
calm autumn  
morning.

1. Calm is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground;
2. Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the  
furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold;
3. Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bow-  
ers,  
And crowded farms and lessening tow-  
ers,  
To mingle with the bounding main;

4. Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
    These leaves that redden to the fall;  
    And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair:
5. Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
    And waves that sway themselves in  
        rest,  
    And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

## XII.

In imagination  
he visits the  
ship. An hour  
passes un-  
heeded.

1. Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
    To bear thro' heaven a tale of woe,  
    Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings,
2. Like her I go; I cannot stay;  
    I leave this mortal ark behind,  
    A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away
3. O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,  
    And reach the glow of southern skies,  
    And see the sails at distance rise,  
And linger weeping on the marge,
4. And saying, "Comes he thus, my friend?  
    Is this the end of all my care?"  
    And circle moaning in the air,  
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"
5. And forward dart again, and play  
    About the prow, and back return  
    To where the body sits, and learn  
That I have been an hour away.

## XIII.

He cannot yet  
realize his  
loss.

1. Tears of the widower, when he sees  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
Her place is empty, fall like these;
2. Which weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart reposed;  
And, where warm hands have prest  
and closed,  
Silence, till I be silent too;
3. Which weep the comrade of my choice,  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human-hearted man I loved,  
A spirit, not a breathing voice.
4. Come, Time, and teach me, many years,  
I do not suffer in a dream;  
For now so strange do these things  
seem,  
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears,
5. My fancies time to rise on wing,  
And glance about the approaching  
sails,  
As tho' they brought but merchants'  
bales,  
And not the burthen that they bring.

## XIV.

To see Arthur  
again would  
not seem  
strange.

1. If one should bring me this report,  
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-  
day,  
And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port;

2. And standing, muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know;
3. And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half-divine,  
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home;
4. And I should tell him all my pain,  
And how my life had droop'd of late,  
And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possess'd my brain;
5. And I perceived no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange.

## XV.

The storm of  
the evening is  
reflected in the  
poet's mood.

1. To-night the winds begin to rise  
And roar from yonder dropping day:  
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies;
2. The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
The cattle huddled on the lea;  
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world:
3. And but for fancies, which aver  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

4. That makes the barren branches loud ;  
And but for fear it is not so,  
The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud
5. That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a laboring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## XVI.

The poet is in  
despair at his  
waverings of  
mind and  
spirit.

1. What words are these have fallen from me ?  
Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or Sorrow such a changeling be ?
2. Or doth she only seem to take  
The touch of change in calm or storm,  
But knows no more of transient form  
In her deep self than some dead lake
3. That holds the shadow of a lark  
Hung in the shadow of a heaven ?  
Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
Confused me like the unhappy bark
4. That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
And staggers blindly ere she sink ?  
And stunn'd me from my power to  
think  
And all my knowledge of myself ;
5. And made me that delirious man  
Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
And flashes into false and true,  
And mingles all without a plan ?



## XVII.

Blessings on  
the good ship  
that has  
brought home  
the body.

1. Thou comest, much wept for; such a breeze  
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer  
Was as the whisper of an air  
To breathe thee over lonely seas.
2. For I in spirit saw thee move  
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,  
Week after week: the days go by:  
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.
3. Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,  
My blessing, like a line of light,  
Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guards thee home.
4. So may whatever tempest mars  
Mid-ocean spare thee, sacred bark,  
And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the stars,
5. So kind an office hath been done,  
Such precious relics brought by thee,  
The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run.

## XVIII.

Thoughts on  
hearing of the  
burial at  
Clevedon.

1. 'T is well; 't is something; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.
2. 'T is little; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest,  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth.

3. Come then, 'pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.
4. Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me;
5. That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again.

## XIX.

He finds the  
ebb and flow  
of the Wye  
symbolic of his  
moods.

1. The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.
2. There twice a day the Severn fills;  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.
3. The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
When, fill'd with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow drowning song.
4. The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls;  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then.

## XX.

Another analogy for his varying moods of grief.

1. The lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead;
2. Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the mind:  
"It will be hard," they say, "to find  
Another service such as this."
3. My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze;
4. For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmosphere of death,  
And scarce endure to draw the breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:
5. But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
"How good! how kind! and he is gone."

## SECTION III. CALMER MOODS, MAINLY RETROSPECTIVE

## XXI.

Though the poet is criticised for putting his sorrow into song, his expression is inevitable.

1. I sing to him that rests below,  
And, since the grasses round me wave,  
I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

2. The traveller hears me now and then,  
And sometimes harshly will he speak:  
"This fellow would make weakness  
weak,  
And melt the waxen hearts of men."
3. Another answers, "Let him be,  
He loves to make parade of pain,  
That with his piping he may gain  
The praise that comes to constancy."
4. A third is wroth: "Is this an hour  
For private sorrow's barren song,  
When more and more the people  
throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power?"
5. "A time to sicken and to swoon,  
When Science reaches forth her arms  
To feel from world to world, and  
charms  
Her secret from the latest moon?"
6. Behold, ye speak an idle thing;  
Ye never knew the sacred dust:  
I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing:
7. And one is glad; her note is gay,  
For now her little ones have ranged;  
And one is sad; her note is changed,  
Because her brood is stolen away.

## XXII.

Happy memo-  
ries on the  
path that  
led to the  
shadow.

1. The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us  
well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow;

2. And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And, crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:
3. But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;
4. Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,
5. And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

## XXIII.

Having come  
close to death,  
he looks back  
upon the per-  
fect friend-  
ship of the  
old days.

1. Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
2. Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
I wander, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came  
Or on to where the pathway leads;
3. And crying, How changed from where it  
ran  
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb,  
But all the lavish hills would hum  
The murmur of a happy Pan:

4. When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;
5. And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could  
bring,  
And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood;
6. And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady.

## XXIV.

Query: How  
much of the  
brightness of  
the past is due  
to imagina-  
tion?

1. And was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of Day  
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.
2. If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look'd to human eyes  
Since our first Sun arose and set.
3. And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so great?  
The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?
4. Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far,  
And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not when we moved therein?

## XXV.

Answer: None,  
for the pres-  
ence of Love  
glorified it.

1. I know that this was Life, — the track  
Whereon with equal feet we fared;  
And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the back.
2. But this it was that made me move  
As light as carrier-birds in air;  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of Love:
3. Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in  
twain  
The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him.

## XXVI.

He must be-  
lieve love  
immortal  
or die.

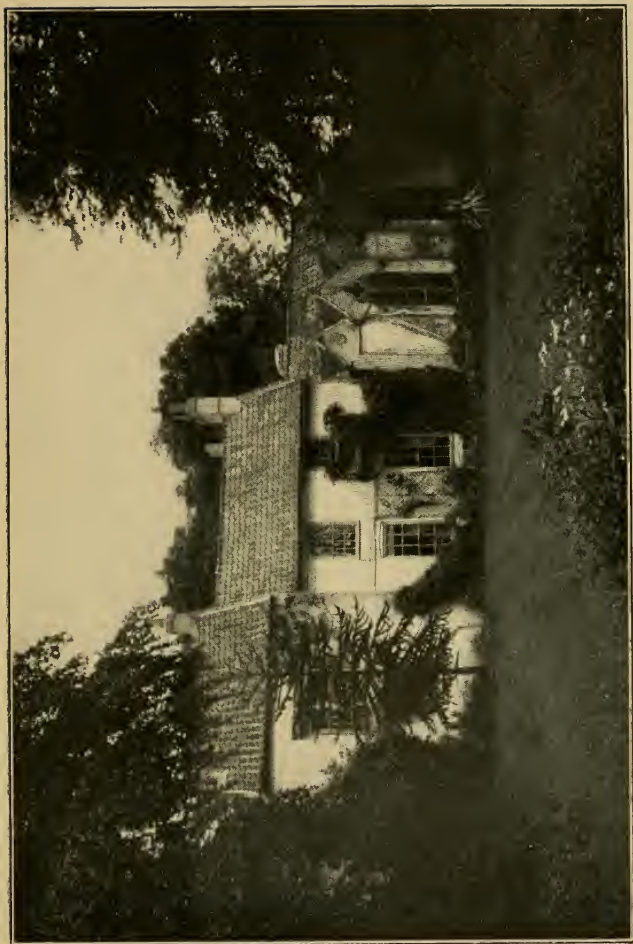
1. Still onward winds the dreary way;  
I with it; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
✓ Whatever fickle tongues may say.
2. And if that eye which watches guilt  
And goodness, and hath power to see  
Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
And towers fall'n as soon as built—
3. O, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him is no before)  
In more of life true life no more  
And Love the indifference to be,
4. Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

## XXVII.

Ignorance is  
not bliss; to  
have known  
Love is  
blessedness.

1. I envy not in any moods  
    The captive void of noble rage,  
    The linnet born within the cage,  
    That never knew the summer woods:
2. I envy not the beast that takes  
    His license in the field of time,  
    Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
    To whom a conscience never wakes;
3. Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
    The heart that never plighted troth  
    But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;  
    Nor any want-begotten rest.
4. I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
    I feel it, when I sorrow most:  
    'T is better to have loved and lost  
    Than never to have loved at all.





THE TENNYSON HOME, SOMERSBY



## CYCLE II. DOUBTS AND WISTFUL YEARNINGS

### SECTION IV. CHRISTMAS-TIDE, AND THE QUESTIONINGS IT SUGGESTS CONCERNING THE FUTURE LIFE:

#### MOODS OF PERPLEXITY AND DOUBT

#### XXVIII.

A sad  
Christmas-tide

1. The time draws near the birth of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.
2. Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound:
3. Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and  
peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.
4. This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again:
5. But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with  
joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

## XXIX.

He is in sympathy with the Christmas festivities since they, too, do not love change and death.

1. With such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve;
2. Which brings no more a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight  
In dance and song and game and jest?
3. Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
Make one wreath more for Use and  
Wont,  
That guard the portals of the house;
4. Old sisters of a day gone by,  
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;  
Why should they miss their yearly due  
Before their time? They too will die.

## XXX.

The day, sad as it is, suggests the glad thought of immortality.

1. With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.
2. At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all.
3. We paused: the winds were in the beech:  
We heard them sweep the winter land;  
And in a circle hand-in-hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each.

4. Then echo-like our voices rang;  
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,  
A merry song we sang with him  
Last year: impetuously we sang.
5. We ceased: a gentler feeling crept  
Upon us: surely rest is meet:  
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is  
sweet,"  
And silence follow'd, and we wept.
6. Our voices took a higher range;  
Once more we sang: "They do not die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change;
7. "Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
With gather'd power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."
8. Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from  
night;  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born.

## XXXI.

The story of  
the raising of  
Lazarus is  
recalled.

1. When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?
2. "Where wert thou, brother, those four  
days?"  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

3. From every house the neighbors met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful  
sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet.
4. Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;  
He told it not, or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist.

## XXXII.

Mary, sister  
of Lazarus, is  
the type of  
perfect faith.

1. Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.
2. Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.
3. All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.
4. Thrice blest whose lives are faithful pray-  
ers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

## XXXIII.

Simple faith  
has its ad-  
vantages and  
usefulness.

1. O thou that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

2. Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early Heaven, her happy views;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.
3. Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
Her hands are quicker unto good:  
O, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine!
4. See thou, that countest reason ripe  
In holding by the law within,  
Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
And even for want of such a type.

## XXXIV.

Reason  
suggests  
immortality.

1. My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is;
2. This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
In some wild poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.
3. What then were God to such as I?  
'T were hardly worth my while to  
choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die;
4. 'T were best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

## XXXV.

Love, likewise,  
gives assurance  
of it.

1. Yet if some voice that man could trust  
Should murmur from the narrow  
house,  
“The cheeks drop in, the body bows;  
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:”
2. Might I not say, “Yet even here,  
But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
To keep so sweet a thing alive?”  
But I should turn mine ears and hear
3. The moanings of the homeless sea,  
The sound of streams that swift or slow  
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be;
4. And Love would answer with a sigh,  
“The sound of that forgetful shore  
Will change my sweetness more and  
more,  
Half-dead to know that I shall die.”
5. O me, what profits it to put  
An idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut,
6. Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,  
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape  
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the  
grape,  
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.



## XXXVI.

Revelation  
clearly pro-  
claims it.

1. Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,  
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin;
2. For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
Where truth in closest words shall fail,  
When truth embodied in a tale  
Shall enter in at lowly doors.
3. And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
With human hands the creed of creeds  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought;
4. Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the  
wave  
In roarings round the coral reef.

## XXXVII.

Though un-  
worthy to deal  
with these  
high themes,  
he does so for  
Arthur's sake.

1. Urania speaks with darken'd brow:  
"Thou pratest here where thou art  
least;  
This faith has many a purer priest,  
And many an abler voice than thou.
2. "Go down beside thy native rill,  
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,  
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet  
About the ledges of the hill."
3. And my Melpomene replies,  
A touch of shame upon her cheek:  
"I am not worthy even to speak  
Of thy prevailing mysteries;

4. "For I am but an earthly Muse,  
And owning but a little art  
To lull with song an aching heart,  
And render human love his dues;
5. "But brooding on the dear one dead,  
And all he said of things divine  
(And dear to me as sacred wine  
To dying lips is all he said),
6. "I murmur'd, as I came along,  
Of comfort claspt in truth reveal'd;  
And loiter'd in the master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song."

## XXXVIII.

Springtime  
brings no glad-  
ness, for all  
is changed.

1. With weary steps I loiter on,  
Tho' always under alter'd skies  
The purple from the distance dies,  
My prospect and horizon gone.
2. No joy the blowing season gives,  
The herald melodies of spring,  
But in the songs I love to sing  
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.
3. If any care for what is here  
Survive in spirits render'd free,  
Then are these songs I sing of thee  
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

## XXXIX.

Yet even the  
funereal yew  
shows signs of  
life and joy.

1. Old warder of these buried bones,  
And answering now my random stroke  
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head;  
 To thee too comes the golden hour  
 When flower is feeling after flower;  
 But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

3. And darkening the dark graves of men,—  
 What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
 Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
 And passes into gloom again.

## XL.

Death is very  
 different from  
 the temporary  
 separation of  
 earthly friends.

1. Could we forget the widow'd hour  
 And look on spirits breathed away,  
 As on a maiden in the day  
 When first she wears her orange-flower!
2. When crown'd with blessing she doth rise  
 To take her latest leave of home,  
 And hopes and light regrets that come  
 Make April of her tender eyes;
3. And doubtful joys the father move,  
 And tears are on the mother's face,  
 As parting with a long embrace  
 She enters other realms of love;
4. Her office there to rear, to teach,  
 Becoming as is meet and fit  
 A link among the days, to knit  
 The generations each with each;
5. And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
 A life that bears immortal fruit  
 In those great offices that suit  
 The full-grown energies of heaven.
6. Ay me, the difference I discern!  
 How often shall her old fireside  
 Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
 How often she herself return,

7. And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her  
boast,  
Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old:
8. But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

## XLI.

If life after  
death be prog-  
ress, will not  
Arthur grow  
away from  
him?

1. Thy spirit ere our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to higher;  
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.
2. But thou art turn'd to something strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes; here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change.
3. Deep folly! yet that this could be—  
That I could wing my will with might  
To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.
4. For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death,  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields;
5. Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor  
An inner trouble I behold,  
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,  
That I shall be thy mate no more,

6. Tho' following with an upward mind  
 The wonders that have come to thee,  
 Thro' all the secular to-be,  
 But evermore a life behind.

## XLII.

A possible  
 answer to the  
 doubt that is  
 troubling him.

1. I vex my heart with fancies dim:  
 He still outstript me in the race;  
 It was but unity of place  
 That made me dream I rank'd with him.
2. And so may place retain us still,  
 And he the much-beloved again,  
 A lord of large experience, train  
 To riper growth the mind and will:
3. And what delights can equal those  
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
 When one that loves, but knows not,  
 reaps  
 A truth from one that loves and knows?

## XLIII.

If death be  
 sleep, shall  
 they not  
 awake to-  
 gether for a  
 new life?

1. If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
 And every spirit's folded bloom  
 Thro' all its intervital gloom  
 In some long trance should slumber on;
2. Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
 Bare of the body, might it last,  
 And silent traces of the past  
 Be all the color of the flower:
3. So then were nothing lost to man;  
 So that still garden of the souls  
 In many a figured leaf enrolls  
 The total world since life began;

4. And love will last as pure and whole  
     As when he loved me here in Time,  
     And at the spiritual prime  
 Rewaken with the dawning soul.

## XLIV.

If the soul has  
 had a pre-  
 existence,  
 what are we  
 to think?

1. How fares it with the happy dead?  
     For here the man is more and more;  
     But he forgets the days before  
 God shut the doorways of his head.
2. The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
     And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
     Gives out at times (he knows not  
     whence)  
 A little flash, a mystic hint;
3. And in the long harmonious years  
     (If Death so taste Lethean springs)  
     May some dim touch of earthly things  
 Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.
4. If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
     O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;  
     My guardian angel will speak out  
 In that high place, and tell thee all.

## XLV.

If earthly life  
 be the first  
 stage, what  
 then shall we  
 think?

1. The baby new to earth and sky,  
     What time his tender palm is prest  
     Against the circle of the breast,  
 Has never thought that "this is I:"
2. But as he grows he gathers much,  
     And learns the use of "I," and "me,"  
     And finds "I am not what I see,  
 And other than the things I touch."

3. So rounds he to a separate mind  
     From whence clear memory may be-  
     gin,  
     As thro' the frame that binds him in  
     His isolation grows defined.
4. This use may lie in blood and breath,  
     Which else were fruitless of their due,  
     Had man to learn himself anew  
     Beyond the second birth of death.

## XLVI.

In the life to  
 come shall not  
 our memories  
 be perfect?

1. We ranging down this lower track,  
     The path we came by, thorn and flower,  
     Is shadow'd by the growing hour,  
     Lest life should fail in looking back.
2. So be it; there no shade can last  
     In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
     But clear from marge to marge shall  
     bloom  
     The eternal landscape of the past;
3. A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;  
     The fruitful hours of still increase;  
     Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
     And those five years its richest field.
4. O Love, thy province were not large,  
     A bounded field, nor stretching far;  
     Look also, Love, a brooding star  
     A rosy warmth from marge to marge!

## XLVII.

The doctrine  
 of absorption  
 into the Di-  
 vine Essence  
 is vague and  
 "unsweet."

1. That each, who seems a separate whole,  
     Should move his rounds and, fusing all  
     The skirts of self again, should fall  
     Remerging in the general Soul,

2. Is faith as vague as all unsweet:  
     Eternal form shall still divide  
     The eternal soul from all beside,  
     And I shall know him when we meet;
3. And we shall sit at endless feast,  
     Enjoying each the other's good:  
     What vaster dream can hit the mood  
     Of Love on earth? He seeks at least
4. Upon the last and sharpest height,  
     Before the spirits fade away,  
     Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
     " Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

## XLVIII.

These elegiac  
lays do not  
assume to  
prove any-  
thing; but by  
means of them  
Sorrow merely  
strives to  
cling to the  
"sunnier side  
of doubt."

1. If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
     Were taken to be such as closed  
     Grave doubts and answers here pro-  
     posed,  
     Then these were such as men might scorn.
2. Her care is not to part and prove;  
     She takes, when harsher moods remit,  
     What slender shade of doubt may flit,  
     And makes it vassal unto love:
3. And hence, indeed, she sports with words,  
     But better serves a wholesome law,  
     And holds it sin and shame to draw  
     The deepest measure from the chords:
4. Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
     But rather loosens from the lip  
     Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
     Their wings in tears and skim away.



## XLIX.

Yet clinging to  
the "sunnier  
side of doubt"  
when grief is  
ever present.

1. From art, from nature, from the schools,  
Let random influences glance,  
Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dappled pools:
2. The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,  
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,  
The slightest air of song shall breathe  
To make the sullen surface crisp.
3. And look thy look, and go thy way,  
But blame not thou the winds that  
make  
The seeming-wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.
4. Beneath all fancied hopes and fears  
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,  
Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bases of my life in tears.

SECTION V. QUESTIONINGS CONCERNING THE PROBLEM OF  
EVIL: DESPONDENT MOODS IN WHICH DOUBT  
SEEMS TO TRIUMPH

## L.

A prayer that  
Arthur may  
be with him  
in his hours  
of deep de-  
spondency.

1. Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves  
prick  
And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of being slow.
2. Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer  
trust;  
And Time a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life a Fury slinging flame.
3. Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of latter spring,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
And weave their petty cells and die.
4. Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day.

## LI.

If the dead  
can see us  
through and  
through, what  
must they  
think?

1. Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side?  
Is there no baseness we would hide?  
No inner vileness that we dread?
2. Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden shame  
And I be lessen'd in his love?

3. I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
     Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?  
     There must be wisdom with great  
     Death :  
     The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.
4. Be near us when we climb or fall :  
     Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
     With larger other eyes than ours,  
     To make allowance for us all.

## LII.

Though his  
sins raise a  
barrier be-  
tween his soul  
and Arthur's,  
he may rise  
to something  
higher and  
surmount the  
barrier.

1. I cannot love thee as I ought,  
     For love reflects the thing beloved ;  
     My words are only words, and moved  
     Upon the topmost froth of thought.
2. "Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,"  
     The Spirit of true love replied ;  
     "Thou canst not move me from thy  
     side,  
     Nor human frailty do me wrong.
3. "What keeps a spirit wholly true  
     To that ideal which he bears ?  
     What record ? Not the sinless years  
     That breathed beneath the Syrian blue :
4. "So fret not like an idle girl,  
     That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.  
     Abide : thy wealth is gather'd in,  
     When Time hath sunder'd shell from  
     pearl."

## LIII.

The conquer-  
ing of sin  
gives strength,  
but it is  
dangerous to  
dally with it.

1. How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man, among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and green;
2. And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild oat not been sown,  
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown  
The grain by which a man may live?
3. Or, if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round?
4. Hold thou the good; define it well:  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

## LIV.

We trust for  
the best, but  
weakly and  
blindly.

1. O, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
2. That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;
3. That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

4. Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.
5. So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light;  
And with no language but a cry.

## LV.

Science does  
not suffice.

1. The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?
2. Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life,
3. That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,
4. I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,
5. I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LVI.

He despairs of  
ever under-  
standing the  
reason and  
meaning of  
life.

1. "So careful of the type?" but no.  
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:  
I care for nothing, all shall go.
2. "Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death;  
The spirit does but mean the breath:  
I know no more." And he, shall he,
3. Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
4. Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed—
5. Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?
6. No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him.
7. O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## LVII.

A gloomy  
calm after the  
storm. His  
love abides.

1. Peace; come away: the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song:  
Peace; come away: we do him wrong  
To sing so wildly: let us go.
2. Come, let us go: your cheeks are pale;  
But half my life I leave behind:  
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;  
But I shall pass; my work will fail.
3. Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes.
4. I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead;  
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,  
"Adieu, adieu," for evermore.

## LVIII.

Unwilling to  
accept his  
grief and  
doubts as final,  
he contem-  
plates singing  
in another  
strain.

1. In those sad words I took farewell:  
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;
2. And, falling, idly broke the peace  
Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
Half-conscious of their dying clay,  
And those cold crypts where they shall  
cease.
3. The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore  
grieve  
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?  
Abide a little longer here,  
'And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'"

SECTION VI. SPECULATIONS AND DREAMS: QUIETER MOODS  
ILLUMINED BY GLEAMS OF HOPE AND FAITH

## LIX.

A prayer that  
Sorrow may  
calm him,  
making him  
wise and good.

1. O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me  
No casual mistress, but a wife,  
My bosom-friend and half of life;  
As I confess it needs must be?
2. O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
And put thy harsher moods aside,  
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
3. My centred passion cannot move,  
Nor will it lessen from to-day;  
But I'll have leave at times to play  
As with the creature of my love;
4. And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
With so much hope for years to come,  
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some  
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

## LX.

He thinks of  
Arthur in  
Heaven as of  
some one far  
above him in  
rank.

1. He past; a soul of nobler tone:  
My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
Like some poor girl whose heart is set  
On one whose rank exceeds her own.
2. He mixing with his proper sphere,  
She finds the baseness of her lot,  
Half jealous of she knows not what,  
And envying all that meet him there.



3. The little village looks forlorn;  
She sighs amid her narrow days,  
Moving about the household ways,  
In that dark house where she was born.
4. The foolish neighbors come and go,  
And tease her till the day draws by:  
At night she weeps, "How vain am I!  
How should he love a thing so low?"

## LXI.

Though he  
himself be un-  
worthy, his  
love is worthy.

1. If, in thy second state sublime,  
Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
With all the circle of the wise,  
The perfect flower of human time;
2. And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
How dimly character'd and slight,  
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and  
night,  
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!
3. Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Where thy first form was made a man;  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

## LXII.

He does not  
wish his  
earthly loss to  
mar Arthur's  
happiness.

1. Tho' if an eye that's downward cast  
Could make thee somewhat blench or  
fail,  
Then be my love an idle tale,  
And fading legend of the past;
2. And thou, as one that once declined,  
When he was little more than boy,  
On some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind;

3. And breathes a novel world, the while .  
His other passion wholly dies,  
Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile.

## LXIII.

Such consid-  
eration as he  
has for a horse  
or dog, he  
hopes that  
Arthur may  
have for him.

1. Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven,  
And love in which my hound has part,  
Can hang no weight upon my heart  
In its assumptions up to heaven ;
2. And I am so much more than these  
As thou, perchance, art more than I,  
And yet I spare them sympathy,  
And I would set their pains at ease.
3. So mayst thou watch me where I weep,  
As, unto vaster motions bound,  
The circuits of thine orbit round  
A higher height, a deeper deep.

## LXIV.

As the great  
man remem-  
bers the friend  
of his obscur-  
ity, may Ar-  
thur remember  
him.

1. Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green ;
2. Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;
3. Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

4. And, moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire.
5. Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,
6. The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate;
7. Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labor of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands:  
'Does my old friend remember me?'

## LXV.

There is comfort in the thought that the friendship which is a help to himself may also be a help to Arthur.

1. Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;  
I lull a fancy trouble-tost  
With "Love's too precious to be lost,  
A little grain shall not be spilt."
2. And in that solace can I sing,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought,  
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:
3. Since we deserved the name of friends,  
And thine effect so lives in me,  
A part of mine may live in thee  
And move thee on to noble ends.

## LXVI.

His great sorrow has taught him to find a cheerfulness in little things.

1. You thought my heart too far diseased;  
You wonder when my fancies play  
To find me gay among the gay,  
Like one with any trifle pleased.
2. The shade by which my life was crost,  
Which makes a desert in the mind,  
Has made me kindly with my kind,  
And like to him whose sight is lost;
3. Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand:
4. He plays with threads, he beats his chair  
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there.

## LXVII.

Night-thoughts.

1. When on my bed the moonlight falls,  
I know that in thy place of rest  
By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls:
2. Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years.
3. The mystic glory swims away;  
From off my bed the moonlight dies;  
And closing eaves of wearied eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

4. And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

## LXVIII.

A troubled  
dream.

1. When in the down I sink my head,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my  
breath;  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not  
Death,  
Nor can I dream of thee as dead.
2. I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
When all our path was fresh with dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillée to the breaking morn.
3. But what is this? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad I know not why,  
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:
4. But ere the lark hath left the lea  
I wake, and I discern the truth;  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

## LXIX.

A dream in  
which he sees  
his own  
experience  
reflected.

1. I dream'd there would be Spring no more,  
That Nature's ancient power was lost:  
The streets were black with smoke and  
frost,  
They chatter'd trifles at the door.

2. I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs;  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown.
3. I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and babe and hoary hairs;  
They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.
4. They call'd me fool, they call'd me child:  
I found an angel of the night;  
The voice was low, the look was bright;  
He look'd upon my crown and smiled.
5. He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into leaf:  
The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand.

## LXX.

The fair face  
in the gloom.

1. I cannot see the features right,  
When on the gloom I strive to paint  
The face I know; the hues are faint  
And mix with hollow masks of night;
2. Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,  
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
A hand that points, and pallèd shapes  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;
3. And crowds that stream from yawning  
doors,  
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;  
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

4. Till all at once beyond the will  
     I hear a wizard music roll,  
     And thro' a lattice on the soul  
 Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

## LXXI.

He rejoices  
 over a happy  
 dream, and  
 longs for  
 other and  
 more vivid  
 dreams.

1. Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance  
     And madness, thou hast forged at last  
     A night-long present of the past  
 In which we went thro' summer France.
2. Hadst thou such credit with the soul?  
     Then bring an opiate trebly strong,  
     Drug down the blindfold sense of  
     wrong,  
 That so my pleasure may be whole;
3. While now we talk as once we talk'd  
     Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
     The days that grow to something  
     strange,  
 In walking as of old we walk'd
4. Beside the river's wooded reach,  
     The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
     The cataract flashing from the bridge,  
 The breaker breaking on the beach.

SECTION VII. ARTHUR'S DEATH-DAY SUGGESTS THE TRANSI-  
 TORINESS OF LIFE AND FAME: MOODS OF  
 UNCERTAINTY AND SELF-DEPRECIATION

## LXXII.

A gloomy  
 anniversary,  
 Arthur's  
 death-day.

1. Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
     And howlest, issuing out of night,  
     With blasts that blow the poplar white,  
 And lash with storm the streaming pane?

2. Day, when my crown'd estate begun  
    To pine in that reverse of doom,  
    Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
    And blurr'd the splendor of the sun;
3. Who usherest in the dolorous hour  
    With thy quick tears that make the  
        rose  
    Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
    Her crimson fringes to the shower;
4. Who mightst have heaved a windless flame  
    Up the deep east, or, whispering,  
        play'd  
    A chequer-work of beam and shade  
    Along the hills, yet look'd the same,
5. As wan, as chill, as wild as now;  
    Day, mark'd as with some hideous  
        crime,  
    When the dark hand struck down thro'  
        time,  
    And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,
6. Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows  
    Thro' clouds that drench the morning  
        star,  
    And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,  
    And sow the sky with flying boughs,
7. And up thy vault with roaring sound  
    Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;  
    Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
    And hide thy shame beneath the ground.



## LXXIII.

Arthur's fame  
is quenched,  
tho' his soul  
lives.

1. So many worlds, so much to do,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
So little done, such things to be,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?
2. The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,  
The head hath miss'd an earthly  
wreath:  
I curse not Nature, no, nor Death;  
For nothing is that errs from law.
3. We pass; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God.
4. O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

## LXXIV.

Arthur's worth  
is made more  
evident by  
death.

1. As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race;
2. So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.
3. But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.

## LXXV.

Earthly praise  
is unavailing,  
but a greater  
applause is  
his.

1. I leave thy praises unexpress'd  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd.
2. What practice howsoe'er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?
3. I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of song  
To stir a little dust of praise.
4. Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.
5. So here shall silence guard thy fame;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

## LXXVI.

The poetry of  
earth is  
slight and  
fleeing.

1. Take wings of fancy, and ascend,  
And in a moment set thy face  
Where all the starry heavens of space  
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;
2. Take wings of foresight, lighten thro'  
The secular abyss to come,  
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
Before the mouldering of a yew;

3. And if the matin songs, that woke  
The darkness of our planet, last,  
Thine own shall wither in the vast  
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.
4. Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers  
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;  
And what are they when these remain  
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXVII

Though these  
lines will not  
endure, it is  
sweet to sing.

1. What hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?
2. These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks;  
Or when a thousand moons shall wane
3. A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that tells  
A grief, then changed to something  
else,  
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.
4. But what of that? My darken'd ways  
Shall ring with music all the same;  
To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise.

### CYCLE III. HOPE AND GROWING FAITH

#### SECTION VIII. MOODS OF CALM, THE OUTGROWTH OF QUIET SUGGESTIONS, CHEERFUL RECOLLECTIONS, AND SPIR- ITUAL COMMUNION

##### LXXVIII.

As Christmas  
with its wont-  
ed festivities  
returns again,  
there is no  
sign of grief,  
but grief  
remains.

1. Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.
2. The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.
3. As in the winters left behind,  
Again our ancient games had place,  
The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.
4. Who show'd a token of distress?  
No single tear, no mark of pain:  
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
O grief, can grief be changed to less?
5. O last regret, regret can die!  
No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
Her deep relations are the same,  
'But with long use her tears are dry.

##### LXXIX.

To his brother,  
Charles: an  
explanation.

1. "More than my brothers are to me,"—  
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
I know thee of what force thou art  
To hold the costliest love in fee.

2. But thou and I are one in kind,  
     As moulded like in Nature's mint;  
     And hill and wood and field did print  
     The same sweet forms in either mind.
3. For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
     Thro' all his eddying coves; the same  
     All winds that roam the twilight came  
     In whispers of the beauteous world.
4. At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
     One lesson from one book we learn'd,  
     Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
     To black and brown on kindred brows.
5. And so my wealth resembles thine,  
     But he was rich where I was poor,  
     And he supplied my want the more  
     As his unlikeness fitted mine.

## LXXX.

It is a help to  
 him to think  
 how Arthur  
 would have  
 borne a sim-  
 ilar grief.

1. If any vague desire should rise,  
     That holy Death ere Arthur died  
     Had moved me kindly from his side,  
     And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;
2. Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
     The grief my loss in him had wrought,  
     A grief as deep as life or thought,  
     But stay'd in peace with God and man.
3. I make a picture in the brain;  
     I hear the sentence that he speaks;  
     He bears the burthen of the weeks,  
     But turns his burthen into gain.

4. His credit thus shall set me free;  
     And, influence-rich to soothe and save,  
     Unused example from the grave  
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

## LXXXI.

Sudden gain  
loss.

1. Could I have said while he was here,  
     “My love shall now no further range;  
     There cannot come a mellow change,  
 For now is love mature in ear.”
2. Love, then, had hope of richer store:  
     What end ~~is~~ here to my complaint?  
     This haunting whisper makes me faint,  
     “More years had made me love thee more.”
3. But Death returns an answer sweet:  
     “My sudden frost was sudden gain.  
     And gave all ripeness to the grain  
 It might have drawn from after-heat.”

## LXXXII.

His one feud  
with Death.

1. I wage not any feud with Death  
     For changes wrought on form and  
     face;  
     No lower life that earth's embrace  
 May breed with him can fright my faith.
2. Eternal process moving on,  
     From state to state the spirit walks;  
     And these are but the shatter'd stalks  
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.
3. Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
     The use of virtue out of earth:  
     I know transplanted human worth  
 Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

4. For this alone on Death I wreak  
The wrath that garners in my heart;  
He put our lives so far apart  
We cannot hear each other speak.

## LXXXIII

An invocation  
to the spring  
which brings  
new hope.

1. Dip down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year delaying long;  
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;  
Delaying long, delay no more.
2. What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?
3. Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.
4. O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

## LXXXIV.

A dream of  
what might  
have been.

1. When I contemplate all alone  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown,
2. I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss.  
On all the branches of thy blood;

3. Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;  
For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou shouldst link thy life with  
one  
Of mine own house, and boys of thine
4. Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee;  
But that remorseless iron hour  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.
5. I seem to meet their least desire,  
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.  
I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire.
6. I see myself an honor'd guest,  
Thy partner in the flowery walk  
Of letters, genial table-talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;
7. While now thy prosperous labor fills  
The lips of men with honest praise,  
And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hills.
8. With promise of a morn as fair;  
And all the train of bounteous hours  
Conduct, by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair;
9. Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
Leaving great legacies of thought,  
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;
10. What time mine own might also flee,  
As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait  
To the other shore, involved in thee,



11. Arrive at last the blessed goal,  
And he that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul.
12. What reed was that on which I leant?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content?

## LXXXV.

The poet replies to three questions of Prof. Lushington, and while reserving his first friendship as his best, offers Prof. L. a friendship second but no less real.

1. This truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
'T is better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all—
2. O true in word, and tried in deed,  
Demanding, so to bring relief  
To this which is our common grief,  
What kind of life is that I lead;
3. And whether trust in things above  
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;  
And whether love for him have drain'd  
My capabilities of love;
4. Your words have virtue such as draws  
A faithful answer from the breast,  
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,  
And loyal unto kindly laws.
5. My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

6. The great Intelligences fair  
That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there;
7. And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
And show'd him in the fountain fresh  
All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the cycled times.
8. But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
Whose life, whose thoughts were little  
worth,  
To wander on a darken'd earth,  
Where all things round me breathed of him.
9. O friendship, equal-poised control,  
O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
O sacred essence, other form,  
O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul!
10. Yet none could better know than I,  
How much of act at human hands  
The sense of human will demands  
By which we dare to live or die.
11. Whatever way my days decline,  
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,  
His being working in mine own,  
The footsteps of his life in mine;
12. A life that all the Muses deck'd  
With gifts of grace, that might express  
All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-subtilizing intellect:
13. And so my passion hath not swerved  
To works of weakness, but I find  
An image comforting the mind,  
And in my grief a strength reserved.

14. Likewise the imaginative woe,  
That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
But in the present broke the blow.
15. My pulses therefore beat again  
For other friends that once I met;  
Nor can it suit me to forget  
The mighty hopes that make us men.
16. I woo your love: I count it crime  
To mourn for any overmuch;  
I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had master'd Time;
17. Which masters Time indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears:  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this:
18. But Summer on the steaming floods,  
And Spring that swells the narrow  
brooks,  
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
That gather in the waning woods,
19. And every pulse of wind and wave  
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
My old affection of the tomb,  
And my prime passion in the grave.
20. My old affection of the tomb,  
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:  
"Arise, and get thee forth and seek  
A friendship for the years to come.
21. "I watch thee from the quiet shore;  
Thy spirit up to mine can reach,  
But in dear words of human speech  
We two communicate no more."

22. And I, "Can clouds of nature stain  
The starry clearness of the free?  
How is it? Canst thou feel for me  
Some painless sympathy with pain?"
23. And lightly does the whisper fall:  
" 'T is hard for thee to fathom this;  
I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
And that serene result of all."
24. So hold I commerce with the dead;  
Or so methinks the dead would say;  
Or so shall grief with symbols play  
And pining life be fancy-fed.
25. Now looking to some settled end,  
That these things pass, and I shall  
prove  
A meeting somewhere, love with love,  
I crave your pardon, O my friend;
26. If not so fresh, with love as true,  
I, clasping brother-hands, aver  
I could not, if I would, transfer  
The whole I felt for him to you.
27. For which be they that hold apart  
The promise of the golden hours?  
First love, first friendship, equal  
powers,  
That marry with the virgin heart.
28. Still mine, that cannot but deplore,  
That beats within a lonely place,  
That yet remembers his embrace,  
But at his footstep leaps no more,

29. My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
 Quite in the love of what is gone,  
 But seeks to beat in time with one  
 That warms another living breast.
30. Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
 Knowing the primrose yet is dear,  
 The primrose of the later year,  
 As not unlike to that of Spring.

## LXXXVI.

Calm after  
 storm.

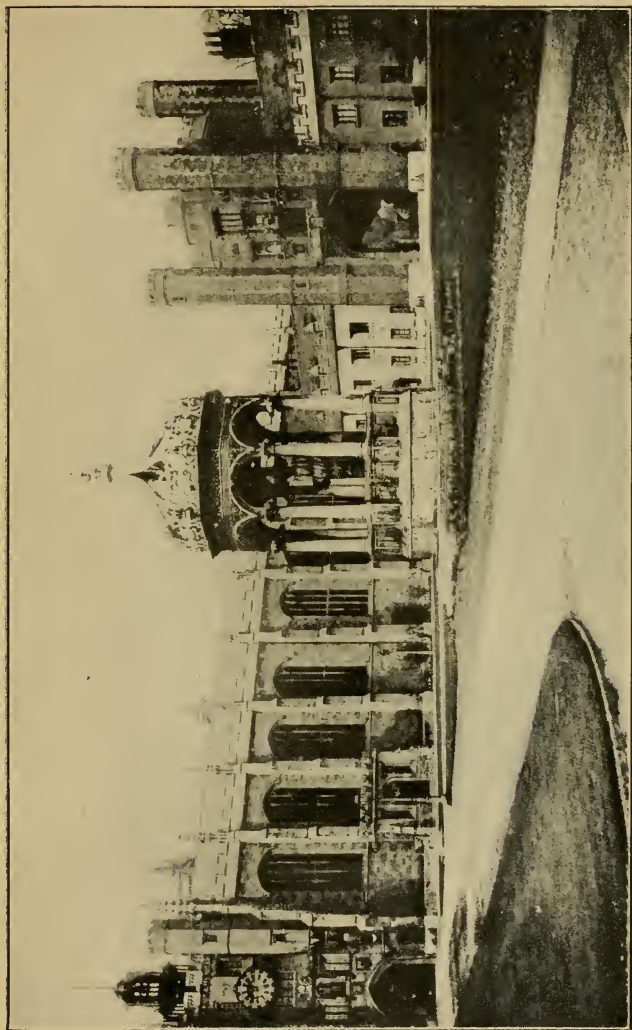
1. Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,  
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
 Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare
2. The round of space, and rapt below  
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
 And shadowing down the hornèd flood  
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow
3. The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy breath  
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and  
 Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly
4. From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odor streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

## LXXXVII.

Reminiscences  
 of college  
 days.

1. I past beside the reverend walls  
 In which of old I wore the gown;  
 I roved at random thro' the town,  
 And saw the tumult of the halls;

2. And heard once more in college fanes  
The storm their high-built organs  
make,  
And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
The prophet blazon'd on the panes;
3. And caught once more the distant shout,  
The measured pulse of racing oars  
Among the willows; paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about
4. The same gray flats again, and felt  
The same, but not the same; and last  
Up that long walk of limes I past  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.
5. Another name was on the door:  
I linger'd; all within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;
6. Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land;
7. When one would aim an arrow fair,  
But send it slackly from the string;  
And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there;
8. And last the master-bowman, he,  
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
The rapt oration flowing free
9. From point to point, with power and grace  
And music in the bounds of law,  
To those conclusions when we saw  
The God within him light his face,



THE FRONT COURT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE





10. And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;  
 And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo?

## LXXXVIII.

To the night-  
 ingale: joy in  
 grief.

1. Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,  
 O tell me where the senses mix,  
 O tell me where the passions meet,
2. Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ  
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
 And in the midmost heart of grief  
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy:
3. And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
 I cannot all command the strings;  
 The glory of the sum of things  
 Will flash along the chords and go.

## LXXXIX.

His thought  
 goes back and  
 dwells happily  
 on his life  
 with Arthur  
 at Somersby.

1. Witch-elms that counterchange the floor  
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright,  
 And thou, with all thy breadth and  
 height  
 Of foliage, towering sycamore;
2. How often, hither wandering down,  
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
 And shook to all the liberal air  
 The dust and din and steam of town!
3. He brought an eye for all he saw;  
 He mixt in all our simple sports;  
 They pleased him, fresh from brawling  
 courts  
 And dusty purlieus of the law.

4. O joy to him in this retreat,  
    Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
    To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking thro' the heat!
5. O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
    The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
    The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!
6. O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
    About him, heart and ear were fed  
    To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:
7. Or in the all-golden afternoon  
    A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
    Or here she brought the harp and  
    flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon!
8. Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
    Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
    And break the livelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods;
9. Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
    Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
    Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream;
10. But if I praised the busy town,  
    He loved to rail against it still,  
    For "ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down,
11. "And merge," he said, "in form and gloss  
    The picturesque of man and man."  
    We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,  
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

12. Or cool'd within the glooming wave;  
And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave,
13. And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

## XC.

It's only a  
half hearted  
love that  
would not  
welcome back  
the dear  
departed.

1. He tasted love with half his mind,  
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
Where nighest heaven, who first could  
fling  
This bitter seed among mankind :
2. That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their  
life,  
They would but find in child and wife  
An iron welcome when they rise.
3. 'T was well, indeed, when warm with wine,  
To pledge them with a kindly tear,  
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
To count their memories half divine ;
4. But if they came who past away,  
Behold their brides in other hands ;  
The hard heir strides about their lands  
And will not yield them for a day.
5. Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
Not less the yet-loved sire would make  
Confusion worse than death, and shake  
The pillars of domestic peace.

6. Ah, dear, but come thou back to me:  
     Whatever change the years have  
     wrought,  
     I find not yet one lonely thought  
     That cries against my wish for thee.

## XCI.

To the spirit  
 of Arthur:  
 A prayer.

1. When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,  
     And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,  
     Or underneath the barren bush  
     Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;
2. Come, wear the form by which I know  
     Thy spirit in time among thy peers;  
     The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
     Be large and lucid round thy brow.
3. When summer's hourly-mellowing change  
     May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
     Upon the thousand waves of wheat  
     That ripple round the lonely grange,
4. Come; not in watches of the night,  
     But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,  
     Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
     And like a finer light in light.

## XCII.

The poet puts  
 no faith in  
 ghostly ap-  
 paritions.

1. If any vision should reveal  
     Thy likeness, I might count it vain  
     As but the canker of the brain;  
     Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal
2. To chances where our lots were cast  
     Together in the days behind,  
     I might but say, I hear a wind  
     Of memory murmuring the past.

3. Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view  
A fact within the coming year;  
And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom-warning true,
4. They might not seem thy prophecies,  
But spiritual presentiments,  
And such refraction of events  
As often rises ere they rise.

## XCIII.

He hopes that  
soul may com-  
mune with  
soul.

1. I shall not see thee. Dare I say  
No spirit ever brake the band  
That stays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?
2. No visual shade of some one lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;  
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.
3. O, therefore from thy sightless range  
With gods in un conjectured bliss,  
O, from the distance of the abyss  
Of tenfold-complicated change,
4. Descend, and touch, and enter; hear  
The wish too strong for words to name;  
That in this blindness of the frame  
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

## XCIV.

He is sadly  
conscious that  
only with the  
pure in heart  
will the dead  
commune.

1. How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought  
would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

2. In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
     The spirits from their golden day,  
     Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
     My spirit is at peace with all.
3. They haunt the silence of the breast,  
     Imaginations calm and fair,  
     The memory like a cloudless air,  
     The conscience as a sea at rest;
4. But when the heart is full of din,  
     And doubt beside the portal waits,  
     They can but listen at the gates,  
     And hear the household jar within.

## XCV.

A happy evening, followed by a reverie during which Arthur's self appeared to him in a vision and passed with the coming of dawn.

1. By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
     For underfoot the herb was dry;  
     And genial warmth; and o'er the sky  
     The silvery haze of summer drawn;
2. And calm that let the tapers burn  
     Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:  
     The brook alone far-off was heard,  
     And on the board the fluttering urn.
3. And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
     And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
     That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
     And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;
4. While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
     From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at  
     ease,  
     The white kine glimmer'd, and the  
     trees  
     Laid their dark arms about the field,

5. But when those others, one by one,  
    Withdrew themselves from me and  
        night,  
    And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,
6. A hunger seized my heart; I read  
    Of that glad year which once had been,  
    In those fallen leaves which kept their  
        green,  
The noble letters of the dead.
7. And strangely on the silence broke  
    The silent-speaking words, and strange  
    Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth; and strangely spoke
8. The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell  
    On doubts that drive the coward back,  
    And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.
9. So word by word, and line by line,  
    The dead man touch'd me from the  
        past,  
    And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,
10. And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
    About empyreal heights of thought,  
    And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,
11. Æonian music measuring out  
    The steps of Time—the shocks of  
        Chance—  
    The blows of Death. At length my  
        trance  
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

12. Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
Or even for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became:
13. Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knolls once more where, couch'd  
at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the  
trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field;
14. And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,
15. And, gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and  
swung  
The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,
16. "The dawn, the dawn," and died away;  
And East and West, without a breath,  
Mixt their dim lights, like life and  
death,  
To broaden into boundless day.

## XCVI.

The ministry  
of doubt.

1. You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue  
eyes  
Are tender over drowning flies,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.



2. I know not: one indeed I knew  
     In many a subtle question versed,  
     Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
     But ever strove to make it true:
3. Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
     At last he beat his music out.  
     There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
     Believe me, than in half the creeds.
4. He fought his doubts and gather'd  
     strength,  
     He would not make his judgment  
     blind,  
     He faced the spectres of the mind  
     And laid them: thus he came at length
5. To find a stronger faith his own;  
     And Power was with him in the night,  
     Which makes the darkness and the  
     light,  
     And dwells not in the light alone,
6. But in the darkness and the cloud,  
     As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
     While Israel made their gods of gold,  
     Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

## XCVII.

Love bridges  
all chasms.

1. My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;  
     He finds on misty mountain-ground  
     His own vast shadow glory-crown'd;  
     He sees himself in all he sees.
2. Two partners of a married life—  
     I look'd on these and thought of thee  
     In vastness and in mystery,  
     'And of my spirit as of a wife.

3. These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,  
     Their hearts of old have beat in tune,  
     Their meetings made December June,  
     Their every parting was to die.
4. Their love has never past away;  
     The days she never can forget  
     Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
     Whate'er the faithless people say.
5. Her life is lone, he sits apart;  
     He loves her yet, she will not weep,  
     Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
     He seems to slight her simple heart.
6. He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,  
     He reads the secret of the star,  
     He seems so near and yet so far,  
     He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.
7. She keeps the gift of years before,  
     A wither'd violet is her bliss:  
     She knows not what his greatness is,  
     For that, for all, she loves him more.
8. For him she plays, to him she sings  
     Of early faith and plighted vows;  
     She knows but matters of the house,  
     And he, he knows a thousand things.
9. Her faith is fixt and cannot move,  
     She darkly feels him great and wise,  
     She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
     "I cannot understand: I love."

## XCVIII.

To his brother,  
 who is about  
 to start for a  
 tour on the  
 continent.

1. You leave us: you will see the Rhine,  
     And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
     When I was there with him; and go  
     By summer belts of wheat and vine

2. To where he breathed his latest breath,  
That city. All her splendor seems  
No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.
3. Let her great Danube rolling fair  
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me:  
I have not seen, I will not see  
Vienna; rather dream that there,
4. A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
The birth, the bridal; friend from  
friend  
Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
Above more graves, a thousand wants
5. Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings  
Her shadow on the blaze of kings.  
And yet myself have heard him say
6. That not in any mother town  
With statelier progress to and fro  
The double tides of chariots flow  
By park and suburb under brown
7. Of lustier leaves; nor more content,  
He told me, lives in any crowd,  
When all is gay with lamps, and loud  
With sport and song, in booth and tent,
8. Imperial halls, or open plain;  
And wheels the circled dance, and  
breaks  
The rocket molten into flakes  
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

SECTION IX. TENDER MEMORIES: PENSIVE MOODS LIGHTED  
UP BY A VISION OF THE FUTURE

XCIX.

The poet's  
mood of sad-  
ness puts him  
in sympathy  
with all  
mourners on  
this day.

1. Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
    So loud with voices of the birds,  
    So thick with lowings of the herds,  
Day, when I lost the flower of men;
2. Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red  
    On yon swollen brook that bubbles fast  
    By meadows breathing of the past,  
And woodlands holy to the dead;
3. Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves  
    A song that slights the coming care,  
    And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves;
4. Who wakenest with thy balmy breath  
    To myriads on the genial earth,  
    Memories of bridal, or of birth,  
And unto myriads more, of death.
5. O, wheresoever those may be,  
    Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
    To-day they count as kindred souls;  
They **know** me not, but mourn with me.

C.

He dwells upon  
the happy  
associations  
which cluster  
around the  
old home.

1. I climb the hill: from end to end  
    Of all the landscape underneath,  
    I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend;

2. No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
Or low morass and whispering reed,  
Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;
3. Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw  
That hears the latest linnet trill,  
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill  
And haunted by the wrangling daw;
4. Nor runlet tinkling from the rock,  
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves  
To left and right thro' meadowy  
curves,  
That feed the mothers of the flock;
5. But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day;  
And, leaving these, to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die.

## CI.

His regret at  
leaving the  
old home.

1. Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,  
This maple burn itself away;
2. Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,  
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
And many a rose-carnation feed  
With summer spice the humming air;
3. Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
The brook shall babble down the plain,  
At noon or when the Lesser Wain  
Is twisting round the polar star;

4.   Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
       And flood the haunts of hern and  
       crake,  
       Or into silver arrows break  
   The sailing moon in creek and cove;
5.   Till from the garden and the wild  
       A fresh association blow,  
       And year by year the landscape grow  
   Familiar to the stranger's child;
6.   As year by year the laborer tills  
       His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;  
       And year by year our memory fades  
   From all the circle of the hills.

## CII.

Two different  
 elements of  
 sadness blend  
 and become  
 one regret.

1.   We leave the well-beloved place  
       Where first we gazed upon the sky;  
       The roofs that heard our earliest cry  
   Will shelter one of stranger race.
2.   We go, but ere we go from home,  
       As down the garden-walks I move,  
       Two spirits of a diverse love  
   Contend for loving masterdom.
3.   One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung  
       Long since its matin song, and heard  
       The low love-language of the bird  
   In native hazels tassel-hung."
4.   The other answers, "Yea, but here  
       Thy feet have stray'd in after hours  
       With thy lost friend among the bowers,  
   And this hath made them trebly dear."

5. These two have striven half the day,  
And each prefers his separate claim,  
Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way.
6. I turn to go: my feet are set  
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;  
They mix in one another's arms  
To one pure image of regret.

## CIII.

The poet has  
a dream which  
he interprets  
happily.

1. On that last night before we went  
From out the doors where I was bred,  
I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
Which left my after-morn content.
2. Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
And maidens with me: distant hills  
From hidden summits fed with rills  
A river sliding by the wall.
3. The hall with harp and carol rang.  
They sang of what is wise and good  
And graceful. In the centre stood  
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;
4. And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,  
The shape of him I loved, and love  
For ever: then flew in a dove  
And brought a summons from the sea:
5. And when they learnt that I must go,  
They wept and wail'd, but led the way  
To where a little shallop lay  
At anchor in the flood below;

6. And on by many a level mead,  
And shadowing bluff that made the  
banks,  
We glided winding under ranks  
Of iris and the golden reed;
7. And still as vaster grew the shore  
And roll'd the floods in grander space,  
The maidens gather'd strength and  
grace  
And presence, lordlier than before;
8. And I myself, who sat apart  
And watch'd them, wax'd in every  
limb;  
I felt the thews of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart;
9. As one would sing the death of war,  
And one would chant the history  
Of that great race which is to be,  
And one the shaping of a star;
10. Until the forward-creeping tides  
Began to foam, and we to draw  
From deep to deep, to where we saw  
A great ship lift her shining sides.
11. The man we loved was there on deck,  
But thrice as large as man he bent  
To greet us. Up the side I went  
And fell in silence on his neck:
12. Whereat those maidens with one mind  
Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:  
"We served thee here," they said, "so  
long,  
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"



13. So rapt I was, they could not win  
An answer from my lips, but he  
Replying, "Enter likewise ye,  
And go with us:" they enter'd in.
14. And while the wind began to sweep  
A music out of sheet and shroud,  
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud  
That landlike slept along the deep.

## CYCLE IV. PEACE AND TRIUMPHANT LOVE

### SECTION X. SERENE MOODS GROWING OUT OF HAPPY MEMORIES AND A PERFECT FAITH IN GOD AND GOOD

#### CIV.

Christmas  
again draws  
near, but  
amid strange  
surroundings.

1. The time draws near the birth of Christ;  
The moon is hid, the night is still;  
A single church below the hill  
Is pealing, folded in the mist.
2. A single peal of bells below,  
That wakens at this hour of rest  
A single murmur in the breast,  
That these are not the bells I know.
3. Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
In lands where not a memory strays,  
Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

#### CV.

Christmas  
brings no  
gaiety; yet  
it is not  
gloomy.

1. To-night ungather'd let us leave  
This laurel, let this holly stand;  
We live within the stranger's land,  
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.
2. Our father's dust is left alone  
And silent under other snows:  
There in due time the woodbine blows,  
The violet comes, but we are gone.
3. No more shall wayward grief abuse  
The genial hour with mask and mime;  
For change of place, like growth of  
time,  
Has broke the bond of dying use.

4. Let cares that petty shadows cast,  
By which our lives are chiefly proved,  
A little spare the night I loved,  
And hold it solemn to the past.
5. But let no footstep beat the floor,  
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;  
For who would keep an ancient form  
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?
6. Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;  
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be  
blown  
No dance, no motion, save alone  
What lightens in the lucid east
7. Of rising worlds by yonder wood.  
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;  
Run out your measured arcs, and lead  
The closing cycle rich in good.

## CVI.

The New  
Year's joy  
and hope.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CVII.

Arthur's birth-  
day, stormy  
though it is,  
brings thoughts  
of cheer.

1. It is the day when he was born,  
A bitter day that early sank  
Behind a purple-frosty bank  
Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.
2. The time admits not flowers or leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of North and East, and ice  
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

3. And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
     To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
     Above the wood which grides and  
         clangs  
     Its leafless ribs and iron horns
4. Together, in the drifts that pass  
     To darken on the rolling brine  
     That breaks the coast. But fetch the  
         wine,  
     Arrange the board and brim the glass;
5. Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
     To make a solid core of heat;  
     Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat  
     Of all things even as he were by;
6. We keep the day. With festal cheer,  
     With books and music, surely we  
     Will drink to him, whate'er he be,  
     And sing the songs he loved to hear.

## CVIII.

He determines  
 to hold aloof  
 no longer from  
 his fellow  
 men.

1. I will not shut me from my kind,  
     And, lest I stiffen into stone,  
     I will not eat my heart alone,  
     Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:
2. What profit lies in barren faith,  
     And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
     To scale the heaven's highest height,  
     Or dive below the wells of death?
3. What find I in the highest place  
     But mine own phantom chanting  
         hymns?  
     And on the depths of death there  
         swims  
     The reflex of a human face.

4. I'll rather take what fruit may be  
 Of sorrow under human skies:  
 'T is held that sorrow makes us wise,  
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

## CIX.

Arthur's gifts  
 of head and  
 heart were  
 many and  
 remarkable.

1. Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
 From household fountains never dry;  
 The critic clearness of an eye  
 That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;
2. Seraphic intellect and force  
 To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
 Impassion'd logic, which outran  
 The hearer in its fiery course;
3. High nature amorous of the good,  
 But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;  
 And passion pure in snowy bloom  
 Thro' all the years of April blood;
4. A love of freedom rarely felt,  
 Of freedom in her regal seat  
 Of England; not the schoolboy heat,  
 The blind hysterics of the Celt;
5. And manhood fused with female grace  
 In such a sort, the child would twine  
 A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
 And find his comfort in thy face;
6. All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
 Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,  
 My shame is greater who remain,  
 Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.



ARTHUR H. HALLAM  
From the bust by Sir F. Chantry, R. A.





## CX.

Arthur's influence on all he met was wonderful.

1. Thy converse drew us with delight,  
The men of rathe and riper years;  
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.
2. On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue.
3. The stern were mild when thou wert by,  
The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;
4. While I, thy nearest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine;  
And loved them more, that they were  
thine,  
The graceful tact, the Christian art;
5. Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,  
But mine the love that will not tire,  
And, born of love, the vague desire  
That spurs an imitative will.

## CXI.

He was absolutely genuine and sincere.

1. The churl in spirit, up or down  
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,  
To him who grasps a golden ball,  
By blood a king, at heart a clown,—
2. The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale;

3. For who can always act? But he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seem'd to be,
4. Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd  
Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind;
5. Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye  
Where God and Nature met in light;
6. And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

## CXII.

His character  
was uniquely  
perfect.

1. High wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes  
On glorious insufficiencies,  
Set light by narrower perfectness.
2. But thou, that fillest all the room  
Of all my love, art reason why  
I seem to cast a careless eye  
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.
3. For what wert thou? Some novel power  
Sprang up for ever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too much,  
In watching thee from hour to hour,

4. Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd  
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

## CXIII.

His country  
lost much by  
his early  
death.

1. 'T is held that sorrow makes us wise;  
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee  
Which not alone had guided me,  
But served the seasons that may rise;
2. For can I doubt, who knew thee keen  
In intellect, with force and skill  
To strive, to fashion, to fulfill—  
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been:
3. A life in civic action warm,  
A soul on highest mission sent,  
A potent voice of Parliament,  
A pillar steadfast in the storm,
4. Should licensed boldness gather force,  
Becoming, when the time has birth,  
A lever to uplift the earth  
And roll it in another course,
5. With thousand shocks that come and go,  
With agonies, with energies,  
With overthrowings, and with cries,  
And undulations to and fro.

## CXIV.

Wisdom is  
much greater  
than knowl-  
edge.

1. Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

2. But on her forehead sits a fire:  
She sets her forward countenance  
And leaps into the future chance,  
Submitting all things to desire.
3. Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
She cannot fight the fear of death.  
What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain
4. Of demons? fiery-hot to burst  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place;  
She is the second, not the first.
5. A higher hand must make her mild,  
If all be not in vain, and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With Wisdom, like the younger child;
6. For she is earthly of the mind,  
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
O friend, who camest to thy goal  
So early, leaving me behind,
7. I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grewest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity.

## CXV.

With the re-  
viving spring,  
his regret for  
his friend  
revives.

1. Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

2. Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.
3. Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea;
4. Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives
5. From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too, and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

## CXVI.

With the new  
spring, he finds  
that his  
yearning is  
forward rather  
than back.

1. Is it, then, regret for buried time  
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,  
And meets the year, and gives and  
takes  
The colors of the crescent prime?
2. Not all: the songs, the stirring air,  
The life re-orient out of dust,  
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust  
In that which made the world so fair.
3. Not all regret: the face will shine  
Upon me, while I muse alone;  
And that dear voice, I once have  
known,  
Still speak to me of me and mine:

4. Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
     For days of happy commune dead,  
     Less yearning for the friendship fled  
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

## CXVII.

Separation will  
 only make  
 the destined  
 meeting  
 sweeter.

1. O days and hours, your work is this,  
     To hold me from my proper place,  
     A little while from his embrace,  
 For fuller gain of after bliss:
2. That out of distance might ensue  
     Desire of nearness doubly sweet,  
     And unto meeting, when we meet,  
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,
3. For every grain of sand that runs,  
     And every span of shade that steals,  
     And every kiss of toothèd wheels,  
 And all the courses of the suns.

## CXVIII.

Nature's evo-  
 lution is  
 symbolic of  
 the growth  
 and perfecting  
 of man's  
 spirit.

1. Contemplate all this work of Time,  
     The giant laboring in his youth;  
     Nor dream of human love and truth  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;
2. But trust that those we call the dead  
     Are breathers of an ampler day  
     For ever nobler ends. They say,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread
3. In tracts of fluent heat began,  
     And grew to seeming-random forms,  
     The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
 Till at the last arose the man;

4. Who throve and branch'd from clime to  
clime,  
The herald of a higher race,  
And of himself in higher place,  
If so he type this work of time
5. Within himself, from more to more;  
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe  
Like glories, move his course, and show  
That life is not as idle ore,
6. But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
7. To shape and use. Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die.

## CXIX.

He revisits  
the familiar  
door and is  
happy in the  
memory of  
bygone times.

1. Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, not as one that weeps  
I come once more; the city sleeps;  
I smell the meadow in the street:
2. I hear a chirp of birds; I see  
Betwixt the black fronts long-with-  
drawn  
A light-blue lane of early dawn,  
And think of early days and thee,
3. And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,  
And bright the friendship of thine eye;  
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh  
I take the pressure of thine hand.

## CXX.

Man is not a  
mere mechan-  
ism; the soul  
lives.

1. I trust I have not wasted breath:  
I think we are not wholly brain,  
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,  
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;
2. Not only cunning casts in clay:  
Let Science prove we are, and then  
What matters Science unto men,  
At least to me? I would not stay.
3. Let him, the wiser man who springs  
Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
His action like the greater ape,  
But I was *born* to other things.

## CXXI.

The evening  
and morning  
star.

1. Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun  
And ready, thou, to die with him,  
Thou watchest all things ever dim  
And dimmer, and a glory done:
2. The team is loosen'd from the wain,  
The boat is drawn upon the shore;  
Thou listenest to the closing door,  
And life is darken'd in the brain.
3. Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
By thee the world's great work is  
heard  
Beginning, and the wakeful bird;  
Behind thee comes the greater light:
4. The market boat is on the stream,  
And voices hail it from the brink;  
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,  
And seest the moving of the team.



5. Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
 For what is one, the first, the last,  
 Thou, like my present and my past,  
 Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

## CXXII.

Longing for  
 communion,  
 soul with soul.

1. O, wast thou with me, dearest, then,  
 While I rose up against my doom,  
 And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,  
 To bare the eternal heavens again,
2. To feel once more, in placid awe,  
 The strong imagination roll  
 A sphere of stars about my soul,  
 In all her motion one with law?
3. If thou wert with me, and the grave  
 Divide us not, be with me now,  
 And enter in at breast and brow,  
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,
4. Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,  
 And like an inconsiderate boy,  
 As in the former flash of joy,  
 I slip the thoughts of life and death;
5. And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
 And every dewdrop paints a bow,  
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
 And every thought breaks out a rose.

## CXXIII.

In this ever-  
 changing  
 world the  
 spiritual  
 alone abides.

1. There rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen!  
 There where the long street roars hath  
 been  
 The stillness of the central sea.

2. The hills are shadows, and they flow  
     From form to form, and nothing  
     stands;  
     They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
     Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
3. But in my spirit will I dwell,  
     And dream my dream, and hold it  
     true;  
     For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
     I cannot think the thing farewell.

## CXXIV.

The tran-  
 scendence of  
 Faith.

1. That which we dare invoke to bless;  
     Our dearest faith; our ghastliest  
     doubt;  
     He, They, One, All; within, without;  
     The Power in darkness whom we guess;
2. I found Him not in world or sun,  
     Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
     Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
     The petty cobwebs we have spun:
3. If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
     I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"  
     And heard an ever-breaking shore  
     That tumbled in the Godless deep;
4. A warmth within the breast would melt  
     The freezing reason's colder part,  
     And like a man in wrath the heart  
     Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."
5. No, like a child in doubt and fear:  
     But that blind clamor made me wise;  
     Then was I as a child that cries,  
     But, crying, knows his father near;

6. And what I am beheld again  
 What is, and no man understands;  
 And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

## CXXV.

The enduring  
 power of  
 Hope and  
 Love.

1. Whatever I have said or sung,  
 Some bitter notes my harp would give,  
 Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live  
 A contradiction on the tongue,
2. Yet Hope had never lost her youth;  
 She did but look through dimmer eyes;  
 Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,  
 Because he felt so fixt in truth:
3. And if the song were full of care,  
 He breathed the spirit of the song;  
 And if the words were sweet and  
 strong,  
 He set his royal signet there;
4. Abiding with me till I sail  
 To seek thee on the mystic deeps,  
 And this electric force, that keeps  
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

## CXXVI.

At rest in  
 Love's wide  
 realm.

1. Love is and was my lord and king,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend,  
 Which every hour his couriers bring.
2. Love is and was my king and lord,  
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

3. And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well.

## CXXVII.

In spite of  
 apparent  
 failure, "all  
 is well."

1. And all is well, tho' faith and form  
 Be sunder'd in the night of fear;  
 Well roars the storm to those that hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm,
2. Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
 And justice, even tho' thrice again  
 The red fool-fury of the Seine  
 Should pile her barricades with dead.
3. But ill for him that wears a crown,  
 And him, the lazar, in his rags:  
 They tremble, the sustaining crags;  
 The spires of ice are toppled down,
4. And molten up, and roar in flood;  
 The fortress crashes from on high,  
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,
5. And compass'd by the fires of hell;  
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
 And smilest, knowing all is well.

## CXXVIII.

"All things  
 work together  
 for good."

1. The love that rose on stronger wings,  
 Unpalsied when he met with Death,  
 Is comrade of the lesser faith  
 That sees the course of human things.

2. No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
Of onward time shall yet be made,  
And thronèd races may degrade;  
Yet, O ye mysteries of good,
3. Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,  
If all your office had to do  
With old results that look like new—  
If this were all your mission here,
4. To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,  
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,  
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
To change the bearing of a word,
5. To shift an arbitrary power,  
To cramp the student at his desk,  
To make old bareness picturesque  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;
6. Why, then my scorn might well descend  
On you and yours. I see in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil coöperant to an end.

## CXXIX.

Arthur is  
glorified by  
death.

1. Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal;  
O loved the most, when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;
2. Known and unknown; human, divine;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not  
die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

3. Strange friend, past, present, and to be;  
Loved deeper, darker understood;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

## CXXX.

All nature is  
glorified by  
Arthur.

1. Thy voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.
2. What art thou then? I cannot guess;  
But tho' I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less.
3. My love involves the love before;  
My love is vaster passion now;  
Tho' mixt with God and Nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.
4. Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

## CXXXI.

The closing  
prayer.

1. O living will that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,
2. That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trust,

3. With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.
- 

## Epilogue

1. O true and tried, so well and long,  
Demand not thou a marriage lay;  
In that it is thy marriage day  
Is music more than any song.
2. Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
Since first he told me that he loved  
A daughter of our house, nor proved  
Since that dark day a day like this;
3. Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
Some thrice three years; they went and  
came,  
Remade the blood and changed the  
frame,  
And yet is love not less, but more;
4. No longer caring to embalm  
In dying songs a dead regret,  
But like a statue solid-set,  
And moulded in colossal calm.
5. Regret is dead, but love is more  
Than in the summers that are flown,  
For I myself with these have grown  
To something greater than before;
6. Which makes appear the songs I made  
As echoes out of weaker times,  
As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
The sport of random sun and shade.

7. But where is she, the bridal flower,  
That must be made a wife ere noon?  
She enters, glowing like the moon  
Of Eden on its bridal bower:
8. On me she bends her blissful eyes  
And then on thee; they meet thy look  
And brighten like the star that shook  
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.
9. O, when her life was yet in bud,  
He too foretold the perfect rose.  
For thee she grew, for thee she grows  
For ever, and as fair as good.
10. And thou art worthy; full of power;  
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,  
Consistent; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower.
11. But now set out: the noon is near,  
And I must give away the bride;  
She fears not, or, with thee beside  
And me behind her, will not fear.
12. For I that danced her on my knee,  
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
That shielded all her life from harm,  
At last must part with her to thee;
13. Now waiting to be made a wife,  
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;  
Their pensive tablets round her head,  
And the most living words of life
14. Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,  
The "Wilt thou?" answer'd, and again  
The "Wilt thou?" asked, till out of  
twain'  
Her sweet "I will" has made you one.



15. Now sign your names, which shall be read,  
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
By village eyes as yet unborn:  
The names are signed, and overhead
16. Begins the clash and clang that tells  
The joy to every wandering breeze;  
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees  
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.
17. O happy hour, and happier hours  
Await them. Many a merry face  
Salutes them—maidens of the place,  
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.
18. O happy hour, behold the bride  
With him to whom her hand I gave.  
They leave the porch, they pass the  
grave  
That has to-day its sunny side.
19. To-day the grave is bright for me,  
For them the light of life increased,  
Who stay to share the morning feast,  
Who rest to-night beside the sea.
20. Let all my genial spirits advance  
To meet and greet a whiter sun;  
My drooping memory will not shun  
The foaming grape of eastern France.
21. It circles round, and fancy plays,  
And hearts are warm'd and faces  
bloom,  
As drinking health to bride and groom  
We wish them store of happy days.

22. Nor count me all to blame if I  
    Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
    Perchance, perchance, among the rest,  
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.
23. But they must go, the time draws on,  
    And those white-favor'd horses wait;  
    They rise, but linger; it is late;  
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.
24. A shade falls on us like the dark  
    From little cloudlets on the grass,  
    But sweeps away as out we pass  
To range the woods, to roam the park,
25. Discussing how their courtship grew,  
    And talk of others that are wed,  
    And how she look'd, and what he said,  
And back we come at fall of dew.
26. Again the feast, the speech, the glee,  
    The shade of passing thought, the  
        wealth  
    Of words and wit, the double health,  
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,
27. And last the dance;—till I retire:  
    Dumb is that tower which spake so  
        loud,  
    And high in heaven the streaming  
        cloud,  
And on the downs a rising fire.
28. And rise, O moon, from yonder down,  
    Till over down and over dale  
    All night the shining vapor sail  
And pass the silent-lighted town,

29. The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,  
And catch at every mountain head,  
And o'er the friths that branch and  
spread  
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;
30. And touch with shade the bridal doors,  
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;  
And breaking let the splendor fall  
To spangle all the happy shores
31. By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
And, star and system rolling past,  
A soul shall draw from out the vast  
And strike his being into bounds,
32. And, moved through life of lower phase,  
Result in man, be born and think,  
And act and love, a closer link  
Betwixt us and the crowning race
33. Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
On knowledge; under whose command  
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their  
hand  
Is Nature like an open book;
34. No longer half-akin to brute,  
For all we thought and loved and did,  
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit;
35. Whereof the man, that with me trod  
This planet, was a noble type  
Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God,
36. That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.



## NOTES

Throughout these notes, the Roman numerals refer to poems, the Arabic numerals to stanzas, and the letters to lines in the stanza.

### PROLOGUE

This poem (dated 1849) was undoubtedly the last part of *In Memoriam* to be written (except possibly XXXIX and LIX), and, accordingly, is an expression of the poet's maturest thought. It is, in fact, a clear, ringing statement of the triumphant faith which had come to him after years of struggle through grief and doubt and travail of spirit. It is the embodiment of his deepest religious convictions, his profoundest philosophy of life. Its significance can be appreciated only after a study of the poems which follow.

1, *a*. *Immortal Love*: Tennyson states (*Memoir* I, 312.) that he used "Love" here in the same sense as St. John (I. *John*, Chap. iv).

1, *b*, *c*. With these lines compare 6, *a*, *b*.

2, *a*. *These orbs of light and shade*: The planets, which move half in sunlight, half in shadow. There is doubtless also a spiritual meaning; light is life, shade is death. Compare the two lines that follow.

2, *c*, *d*. *Thy foot Is on the skull*, etc.: An old legend states that Christ's cross was planted in Adam's grave; and many early painters put a skull at the foot of the cross. (Compare *Mark*, xv, 22.) This thought may have suggested the figure.

3, *c*. *He thinks he was not made to die*: The poet once remarked: "I can hardly understand how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the Soul's continuous progress in the after life." (*Memoir*, I, 321.) Compare XXXIV, 1; also "Wages."

3, *d*. *And thou hast made him: thou art just*: We are told that Tennyson more than once used this argument. In conversation he put it thus: "If you allow a God, and God allows this strong instinct and universal yearning for another life, surely

that is in a measure a presumption of its truth. We cannot give up the mighty hopes that make us men." (*Memoir*, I, 321.)

4, c, d. *Our wills are ours*, etc.: Tennyson was an ardent believer in the freedom of the will (compare CXXXI; also note on CXX, 2, d); but he also believed that the highest exercise of freedom is an alliance with the Divine Will. He once said in illustration of his belief: "Man's Free-will is but a bird in a cage; he can stop at the lower perch, or he can mount to a higher. Then that which is and knows will enlarge his cage, give him a higher and a higher perch, and at last break off the top of his cage, and let him out to be one with the Free-will of the Universe." (*Memoir*, I, 318-19.)

5, a. *Systems*: Of theology and philosophy.

5, c. *Broken lights*: Passing flashes, as from a moving prism, or from the facets of a diamond.

6, a, b. *Faith . . . . . knowledge*: Faith alone gives spiritual wisdom, knowledge being confined to sense perception. And yet knowledge, too, comes from God. Compare CXIV.

7, d. *One music as before*: That is, before faith was disturbed by doubt. Compare Lowell, "The Cathedral."

"Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,  
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by,  
And arm her with the weapons of the time."

8, a. *But vaster*: This suggests the ultimate purpose of the entire poem,—to build up from a modern point of view, after frankly facing all the facts, a religious faith which shall be truer and nobler than has been possible hitherto.

9, a. *Forgive what seemed my sin*, etc.: "'What seemed' is an expression of ignorance: 'What rightly or wrongly I counted sin, and what rightly or wrongly I counted worth.' This latter equally needs forgiveness; for there is no 'worth' or 'merit' except as between man and man." (Bradley.) Compare among many scriptural parallels *Job*, xxii, 2, 3.

9, c. *Since I began*: Since I began life.

11, a. *Wild and wandering cries*: Compare *Epilogue*, 5, 6. The poet no longer feels in the gloomy and rebellious mood in which many of the earlier poems were written. He prays for forgiveness for ever cherishing such feelings; but allows the poems to stand, in order that the series may be complete and thereby more helpful.

## CYCLE I

## SECTION ONE

I, 1, a, b. *Him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones:* Mr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Charleston, S. C., wrote to the poet asking to whom he here referred. Tennyson replied: "I believe I alluded to Goethe. Among his last words were these: 'Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen,' 'from changes to higher changes.'" Professor Sidgwick wrote to the present Lord Tennyson that he once heard the poet praise Goethe because he was "consummate in so many different styles." (*Memoir*, II, 391-2.)

1, c. *Stepping-stones*, etc.: Compare the famous saying of St. Augustine: "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus." Longfellow uses this idea in his poem, "The Ladder of St. Augustine;" and Lowell in his poem, "On the Death of a Friend's Child." Tennyson has varied, though hardly improved, the thought by changing the metaphor from a ladder to "stepping-stones." Another change is that in Tennyson's thought the "stepping-stones" are not *vices*, but all the various experiences of life.

3, a. *Let Love clasp Grief*, etc.: Shelley had written in *Adonais*, ll. 181-3:

"Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!"

The poet is here determined that his grief shall not be mortal.

3, c, d. *To be drunk with loss, To dance with Death*, etc.: The reference is doubtless to the wild funeral orgies practised by savages.

II, 1, a. *Yew*: This is a variety of evergreen tree which lives to a great age and is very common in English cemeteries. *Graspest*, etc.: Compare I, 3, a. "Let Love clasp Grief."

3, a. *O not for thee the glow, the bloom*: For a truer statement, see XXXIX.

4, b. *Sick for*: Longing for.

III. This poem is an expression of a mood of doubt bordering on atheism. Hallam Tennyson writes of his father: "I myself have heard him say: 'An Omnipotent Creator who could make such a painful world is to me sometimes as hard to believe in as to believe in blind matter behind everything.'" (*Memoir*, I, 314.)

These verses are the expression of his confused and contradictory thought at one of these times. Contrary though the poem is to Tennyson's usual ideas, it is a fine statement of the subjective philosophy which regards God and the Order of Nature as mere projections of human thought.

1, *d. Lying lip*: A peculiar expression repeated in XXXIX, 3, *b*. It suggests the self-contradictory state of the poet's mind. Compare CXXV, 1, *c, d*.

4, *a. Thing*: Sorrow.

4, *c. A vice of blood*: An hereditary taint.

IV. The mood of the preceding is continued through a troubled night; but in the morning, his will asserts itself.

2, 3. I have ventured to enclose these two stanzas in quotation marks in order to make clear their dependence on *say* at the end of stanza 1.

3, *c, d. Break, thou deep vase, etc.*: It is a familiar fact that perfectly still water can be reduced below the freezing point without freezing; but if it be slightly jarred, it will crystallize at once, sometimes with sufficient expansive force to break the containing vessel.

V, 2. With this stanza compare Wordsworth's lines ("Ode on Intimations of Immortality"):

"To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong."

3, *a. Weeds*: Mourning garments.

3, *c, d.* The thought of these lines, his inability to express himself adequately, is again referred to in XIX and XX.

VI. Note the four instances of sudden bereavement which the poet mentions.

5. It would seem that Tennyson wrote a letter to his friend on Sept. 15, 1833, the very day of Hallam's death.

7, *b. Ranging*: Arranging.

VII. 1, *a. Dark house*: The home of the Hallams, 67 Wimpole St., where Arthur lived, after his graduation, while studying law in London. Of the house he is said to have remarked jestingly, "We are always to be found at sixes and sevens." Wimpole Street was famous in London for its length. Here Tennyson was a frequent visitor. See Introduction.

3, *d.* Note the roughness of the versification, suggestive of the lack of harmony in the poet's mind.



VIII. 5, c, d. *This poor flower of poesy . . . little cared for:* It should be remembered that Tennyson's earlier volumes received little appreciation; indeed, in some quarters they met with open derision. Hallam, however, had delighted in his friend's work and had enthusiastically reviewed the volume of 1830 in the *Englishman's Magazine*. It is not to be wondered that the thought of his friend gave Tennyson inspiration even after Hallam's death.

## SECTION TWO

To understand this section, it must be borne in mind that though Arthur died Sept. 15, his body, brought from Trieste to Dover on a slow sailing-vessel, did not reach England until about three months later. The burial took place Jan. 3, 1834. The news of his great loss reached Tennyson Oct. 1. The poems of this group voice the poet's moods between Oct. 1, 1833, and Jan. 3, 1834.

IX, 3, b. *Phosphor:* The morning star; more frequently, perhaps, referred to as *Lucifer*. The term is used again in CXXI. 3.

4, a. *Sphere all your lights*, etc.: Addressed, like the following line, to the "gentle heavens." The word *sphere* refers to the fact that, in a very clear atmosphere, the larger stars, instead of appearing as mere points of light, assume a spherical aspect. Compare *Enoch Arden*: "The great stars that globed themselves in Heaven."

5, b. *Till all my widowed race be run:* This is the first suggestion of immortality in the series. The line is repeated at the end of XVII.

5, d. *More than my brothers are to me:* Used as the germ of LXXIX, which see.

X, 1, b. *The bell:* A reference to the bell on shipboard struck every half-hour to indicate the time.

4, c. *Where the kneeling hamlet*, etc.: On one of the tombs constructed, as is frequent in English churches, beneath the floor, sometimes near or even under the altar, where the people kneel for the communion service. See Introduction.

5, d. *Tangle:* Also called "tang" or "sea-tang," also "oar-weed." A species of sea weed (*Laminaria digitata*) which grows only at or below low-water mark.

XI. The author told Dr. Gatty that the scene here depicted was suggested by a view from a "Lincolnshire wold [a high open

place] from which the whole range from marsh to the sea was visible."

2, *b. Furze*: Gorse. A thorny evergreen shrub with bright yellow flowers (*Ulex Europaeus*); it is very common upon the hills and heaths of Great Britain. Stopford Brooke has an interesting comment on this and the following stanza. (Tennyson: *His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, p. 205.) "First, he sees the moor at his feet, the dew on the furze, that tremble not, so still is the air, but which twinkle in the lifting light of the morning. Then he raises his eyes, and that far landscape, to which Shelley or Wordsworth would have allotted twenty or thirty lines, is done in four. This is Tennyson's concentrated manner, and the landscape seems all the larger from the previous description of the small space of ground on which he is standing."

3, *c. Lessening*: Diminishing by distance.

3, *d. Bounding*: Bordering not leaping; see 5, *a*. Compare XVII, 2, *b*.

Note how throughout the poem the striking calm of the scene and the despairing calm of the poet's heart are emphasized by the repetition of the word.

XII, 1, *c. Message knit below*, etc.: Messages sent by carrier doves are usually fastened about their necks or beneath their wings.

2, *b. Mortal ark*: The body. The figure is doubtless suggested by the story of Noah sending a dove from the ark. (*Gen.*, viii, 8.)

XIII, 1. Compare Milton's sonnet, XXIII, "Methought I saw my late espoused saint," of which the closing lines are:

"But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

4, 5. The grammatical construction here is obscure: in 4, *a*, before *many years*, supply *during*; in 5, *a*, supply *have* before *time*.

XIV. This poem describes a mental state familiar to all who have suffered bereavement.

1. According to all ordinary rules of versification, this is one of the faultiest stanzas Tennyson ever wrote. *Report* (*a*) and *port* (*d*) constitute an identieal rime, which is usually regarded as inadmissible in English poetry; and *day* (*b*) and *quay* (*c*)

do not rime at all. These imperfections, however, are perhaps justified here, as truly reflecting the dazed state of mind which the poet is describing.

3, *b*. *The man I held as half-divine*: The poet once remarked in regard to Hallam: "He was as near perfection as mortal man could be." (*Memoir*, I, 38.)

XV. This poem describing a stormy evening is a fine companion-piece to XI, which is a picture of a calm morning. The method is the same in both. Here, as there, he begins with what is close at hand (1, *c*, *d*) and then, as Brooke well puts it, "he lifts his eyes, as before, and we see with him the whole world below, painted also in four lines—the forest, the waters, the meadows, struck out, each in one word; and the wildness of the wind and the width of the landscape given, as Turner would have given them, by the low shaft of storm-shaken sunlight dashed from the west right across to the east. Lastly, to heighten the impression of tempest, to show the power it will have when the night is come, to add a far horizon to the solemn world—he paints the rising wrath of the storm in the cloud above the ocean rim, all aflame with warlike sunset." (*Tennyson, His Art.* etc., p. 207.)

3, *b*. *Thy*: i. e., the ship's.

XVI, 1, *b*. *Calm despair and wild unrest*: The former refers to the mood of poems XI to XIV, especially to that of XI; the latter, to the mood of XV.

Miss Chapman thus concisely sums up the various queries of this poem: "Is his sorrow variable? Or do these changes affect the surface merely of his deep-seated grief? Or, again, has his reason been unhinged by grief?"

XVII, 4, *b*. *Sacred bark*: Nothing is known of the name or subsequent history of the vessel which Tennyson so fervently blesses in these verses.

5, *d*. This line is repeated from IX, 5, *b*.

XVIII, 1, *b*. *In English earth*: In St. Andrew's church, Cleveland, in the west of England.

1, *c*, *d*. *From his ashes*, etc.: A very old idea. From the blood of Adonis, Bion tells us, roses sprang up. (See his "Lament for Adonis.") Shelley says in *Adonais* (ll. 171-2):

"The leprous corpse

Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath."

Still closer to the text is the following, quoted by Rolfe:

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!" (*Hamlet*, V, I, 262-3.)

2, c. *Familiar names*: The Eltons, the family to which Arthur Hallam's mother belonged, are buried in Clevedon church. Here, too, some years later, were laid to rest the remains of Arthur's father and younger brother. The epitaph of the former, composed by Tennyson, is simply this: "Here with his wife and children rests Henry Hallam, the historian."

2, d. *The places of his youth*: Much of Arthur's boyhood had been passed at the neighboring estate of Clevedon Court, the residence of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., his grandfather.

3, a. *Come then, pure hands*: Rolfe states that the bearers at the funeral were the tenant farmers on the Clevedon estate.

3, c. *Whatever loves to weep*: The neuter *whatever* was no doubt suggested by the classical elegies (by Bion, Moschus, Theocritus, etc.) in which the poets continually call on rivers, mountains, trees, etc., to weep for the departed.

4. This stanza was of course suggested by the story of Elisna and the Shunamite's son. See II *Kings*, iv, 32-37.

As the burial did not take place until Jan. 3, some have thought that this poem is out of place before the Christmas poems. But news traveled slowly seventy years ago, and the poet might have supposed that it occurred sooner. The Christmas poems, moreover, suggest an entirely different line of thought. This poem is, accordingly, well placed.

XIX, 1, a. *The Danube to the Severn gave*: The present Lord Tennyson gives the following account of the situation of the church: "Half a mile to the south of Clevedon in Somersetshire, on a lonely hill, stands Clevedon church, 'obscure and solitary,' overlooking a wide expanse of water, where the Severn flows into the Bristol Channel. It is dedicated to St. Andrew. . . . From the graveyard you can hear the music of the tide, as it washes against the low cliffs not a hundred yards away." (*Memoir*, I, 295.)

2, c. *The babbling Wye*: The Wye flows into the Severn a short distance above Clevedon. In its lower reaches it is a tidal stream, noisily babbling over its shallow bed at ebb tide, but becoming full and quiet when the tide is high.

## SECTION THREE

XXI, 1, *c. The grasses of the grave*: Tennyson did not visit Clevedon until 1850 and seems at the time of writing these lines to have had the idea that his friend was buried in the church-yard.

1, *d. Pipes*: The ancient poets frequently speak of pipes made of straw. So do the older English poets. Compare Milton's "oaten flute" ("Lycidas," 33).

2, 3, 4, 5. In these stanzas the poet mentions three sorts of critics who find fault with him for spending his energies on these memorial verses. The first class (stanza 2) accuses him of sentimentality; the second (stanza 3) accuses him of insincerity; the third (stanzas 4 and 5) accuses him of wasting time and opportunity. An interesting comment on stanzas 4 and 5 is found in a letter written by Edward Fitzgerald to his friend Donne in January, 1845. "A. T. has near a volume of poems—*ēlegiac*—in memory of Arthur Hallam. Don't you think the world wants other notes than *ēlegiac* now? *Lycidas* is the utmost length an *ēlegiac* should reach."

5, *d. The latest moon*: There has been much discussion as to the particular discovery to which these words refer. They may have merely a general reference to the many astronomical discoveries of modern times, or they may have a more specific meaning. In the latter case, the conjectures of Jacobs, Van Dyke, and others that this particular poem was written very late in the series seem entirely reasonable. Neptune was discovered by Galle of Berlin in September, 1846, its satellite, or "moon," a few weeks later, and the eighth moon of Saturn in September, 1848. The last-named year also witnessed Chartist outbreaks in England, and revolutions in practically every continental country. Compare 4, *c, d.*

6. The poet justifies his song by the rare worth of his friend and by the fact that his feelings do not permit him to be silent.

6, *d. And pipe but as the linnets sing*: Tennyson evidently had in mind a line from his favorite German poet, Goethe: (*Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, II, xi.) "Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt." Carlyle had previously translated the line, "I sing but as the linnet sings."

XXII, 1, *c. Four sweet years*: Beginning late in 1828, soon after Hallam's matriculation at Cambridge, which followed Ten-

nyson's of the preceding February. The friendship accordingly lasted nearly *five* years, as is suggested in 3, *b*, "the fifth autumnal slope."

3, *d*. *The Shadow*: Death. So also in 5, *d*, and in XXIII, 1, *d*.

XXIII, 1, *b*. *Breaking into song by fits*: A suggestion of his method of composing these poems. The poet stated, in reply to inquiries regarding the matter, that they were written at many different times and places, as the spirit moved him, through a long course of years. (See *Memoir*, I, 305.)

2, *a*. *The keys of all the creeds*: Tennyson believed that Death leads to the presence of Eternal Truth, where all questions will be answered, and all theories displaced by absolute knowledge.

3-6. A beautiful description of perfect friendship, joy being derived from, 1st, communion with nature (stanza 3. *Pan* in last line stands for Nature in its various aspects); 2nd, perfect sympathy and mutual understanding (stanza 4); 3rd, an optimistic view of life and the buoyancy of youth (stanza 5); 4th, enjoyment of their studies in Greek philosophy and poetry (stanza 6). The Greek poets whom Hallam most admired were, according to his father, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Sappho, and Bion. Plato was his favorite philosopher. (See *Remains*, p. xxiv.)

XXIV, 1, *c*, *d*. *The very source and fount of Day*, etc.: Even the sun has dark spots on it.

3, *a*, *b*. *The haze of grief Makes former gladness loom*, etc.: It is a familiar fact that objects seen dimly through a fog appear larger than reality.

3, *c*. Another case of condensed expression. To make the meaning clear, supply *Or is it* at beginning of this line.

4, *a*. *The past will always win*, etc.: Compare the familiar line by Young: "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." (*Night Thoughts*, II, 602.)

XXV. The best commentary on this poem is the passage from Bacon quoted by Genung and others: "But one thing is most Admirable, which is, that this Communicating of a Mans Seife to his Frend works two contrairie Effects; For it redoubleth Ioyes, and cutteth Griefes in Halfes. For there is no man, that imparteth his Ioyes to his Frend, but he ioyeth the more; And no Man, that imparteth his Griefes to his Frend, but hee grieveth the lesse." (*Essay on Friendship*.) It cannot, of course, be affirmed that the poet had this passage in mind when writing



these verses; but it is certain that he was a great reader and admirer of Bacon. He declared that Bacon's *Essays* contains more wisdom than any other book of the same size. (*Memoir*, II, 415.)

XXVI, 1, b, c, d. *For I long to prove*, etc.: This is one of the central thoughts of the entire poem. It is suggested in I, 4.

2, a. *That eye*: The eye of God.

3, b. *Or see*: Hallam Tennyson reports a conversation in which his father said: "To God all is present. He sees present, past, and future as one." (*Memoir*, I, 322.) Compare "The Ancient Sage," II, 102-104; also note *Exodus*, III, 14.

3, d. Supply *in* before *Love*.

4. If pessimism be the true philosophy, let me die at once! Compare XXXV, 5, and note.

4, c. *That Shadow waiting with the keys*: Compare XXIII, 1, d and 2, a.

4, d. *My proper scorn*: My own scorn. A Latinism frequently employed by Shakespeare, Dryden and other writers and by Tennyson elsewhere. For an example of this use by Sir Thomas Browne, see the note on LXXIV, 1.

XXVII, 1, b. *Noble rage*: Fine, strong emotions. The phraseology was no doubt suggested by Gray's *Elegy*, l. 51.

3, d. *Want-begotten rest*: Rest due to ignorance or disability.

4. This stanza gives, at least, a partial answer to the initial query, found in I, 2. The lines have frequently been jestingly quoted and parodied; nevertheless they are the statement of a great truth. The poet repeats the last three lines at the beginning of LXXXV, and in that and subsequent poems carries the thought on to a triumphant conclusion.

## CYCLE II

### SECTION FOUR

XXVIII. Christmas, 1833. This date is evident from XXX, 4, c, d.

1, c. *The Christmas bells*: Most of the parish churches in England are provided with chimes or "peals," the ringing of which is a regular feature of the Christmas celebration. This "change-ringing" frequently begins a fortnight or even a month before Christmas day. Compare 1, a, *draws near*.

2, a. *Four hamlets round*: There are so many churches in

the vicinity of Somersby that it is impossible to state which four the poet had in mind. Canon Rawnsley suggests Tetford, Hagg, Langton, and Ormsby.

3, *a. Each voice four changes*: That is, there were four bells in each peal, which, being rung first down the scale, then up, seemed to say, (lines *c* and *d*) *Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace*.

5. The old associations of Christmas are all happy, and so now, even in his loneliness, his sorrow is touched with joy (*c*).

5, *b. When a boy*: Dr. Van Dyke appropriately compares T.'s poem "Far—Far—Away," 4-8.

XXIX, 4, *a. Old sisters*: i. e., Use and Wont, mentioned two lines above.

XXX, 4, *b. We sung*: The presence of *rang* at the end of the previous line seems to have determined the choice of this form instead of *sang* which is used below.

4, *c. We sang*: The complete grammatical structure here would require *which we had sung*.

4, *d. Last year*: Arthur had evidently spent the Christmas of 1832 with the Tennysons.

7, *c. Pierces, etc.*: The sentence is inverted, *flame* being the subject.

7, *d. From orb to orb, etc.*: The idea is that the soul passes through various stages or worlds, leaving each through the veil of death, and emerging each time "with gathered power." Compare XLI, 6; XLV, 4; and LXXXII, 2, for similar ideas; also "De Profundis" (II, 2, 18) "From death to death, thro' life and life." Also "The Ring," (ll. 38 and following):

"No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,

But.....

Aeonian evolution, swift or slow,

Through all the spheres."

Compare also "The Two Voices" (stanza 116 and following); "Wages," especially the closing line; and "The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale," (II, 12-14).

8, *d. Hope*: Christ.

XXXI. The thought of immortality in XXX naturally suggests the story of the raising of Lazarus. *John*, xi, 37-44.

This same story was Browning's inspiration for his poem, "An Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish."



4, d. *That Evangelist*: St. John, who alone records this miracle.

XXXII. For the suggestion of this poem see *John*, xii, 1-3.

XXXIII. A plea for patience and toleration very applicable to the present day. This poem may be interpreted as a suggestion of the proper attitude to be maintained by an "advanced" or rationalistic theologian towards those who cling to a simple traditional faith, even though it be mingled with error. The same thought is also well expressed by Jowett, who says: "Truth is good, and to be received thankfully and fearlessly by all who are capable of receiving it. But on the other hand, it is not always to be imparted in its entirety to those who cannot understand it, and whose minds would be puzzled and overwhelmed by it." (See *Memoir*, 1, 310.)

1, d. *Nor cares to fix itself to form*: This is usually true of the critic of the simple faith. He is impatient of all forms and ceremonies, and criticises the churches for using them. This was not the case with Tennyson.

While believing that Truth was far greater than any human expression of it, he did not share the critic's "irreverent impatience" at men's attempts to express it. Indeed, he habitually attended church and partook of the sacrament. He has forcibly stated his idea of the necessity for forms in "Akbar's Dream."

2, b. *Her early Heaven*: Her childlike ideas about Heaven.

3, c. *Sacred be the flesh and blood*: This no doubt refers to the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, a doctrine in which the poet did not himself believe, but which he recognized might be helpful to those who did believe it. Compare 4, c, d.

XXXIV. In "Vastness," published in the poet's old age, he gives us another statement of the thought of this poem. Compare, especially stanza XVII:—

"What is it all, if we all of us end in being our own  
corpse-coffins at last,  
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in  
the deeps of a meaningless Past?"

Compare also "Prologue," 3 and notes.

2, a. *This round of green, this orb of flame*: The earth and the sun.

2, c. *Some wild poet*: Compare "The Play," for a further use of the same figure.

4, *b. The charming serpent*: Gatty refers to the boomslang (*Bucephalus capensis*), a South-African snake, which, by the power of fascination, attracts birds into its mouth.

XXXV. The poem consists of a hypothetical question ("an idle case" 5, *b*) found in the first seven lines; the answer to this question (2, *d*—4); and comment thereon (5-6).

The question: Even if Love were known to be temporary, would it not still be sweet?

The answer: The knowledge of its approaching end would spoil it.

The comment: An affection known to be temporary would be necessarily low and bestial.

3, *c. Aeonian*: Aeon-long, everlasting; a word of the poet's coining. It occurs again in XCV, 11, *a*. The stanza gives an exact statement of the geological processes continually going on.

4, *b. Forgetful*: Memory-dispelling. Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden all occasionally use the word in this sense. See dictionary for illustrations.

5. Genung quotes Munger, "*The Freedom of Faith*," p. 243.

"Love cannot tolerate the thought of its own end. It announces itself as an eternal thing. . . . Its logic is, there is no death."

Compare XXVI; also the last stanzas of "Vastness."

6, *b. Satyr-shape*: Half human and half bestial like the fabulous race of Satyrs.

XXXVI. Hallam Tennyson says that his father, when questioned in regard to his belief in Christ, would reply, having this poem especially in mind, that he had given his answer in "In Memoriam," (*Memoir*, I, 325).

1, *a. Truths in manhood darkly join*: This refers to XXXIV and XXXV, and in general to the fact that all men have certain fundamental religious ideas though they are perhaps vaguely conceived. Christ (*d*) clearly expressed them.

2. This stanza might be paraphrased thus: God wisely dealt with men among whom it is a general rule that abstractions fail to make an impression, while stories and concrete instances are always interesting. Of course, the poet has especially in mind the parables of Christ.

3, *a. The Word*: See *John*, I, 1 and 14. Tennyson himself explained the Evangelist's meaning in this expression to be "the

Revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe." (*Memoir*, I, 312.)

4. An interesting parallel to this stanza is the following, quoted by Collins from Cranmer's *Preface to the Bible*: "For the Holy Ghost has so ordered and attempered the Scriptures that in them as well publicans, fishers, shepherds may find their edifications as great doctors their erudition."

4, c. *Those wild eyes*: The savages in the islands of the sea.

XXXVII, 1, a, *Urania*: Anciently the muse of astronomy, but Milton (*Paradise Lost*) used the word to mean "The Heavenly Muse," or the muse of the loftiest poetry. Shelley follows his example ("Adonais," II and IV) and Tennyson here does the same.

2, b. *Parnassus*: The mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the muses. The thought prosaically stated is, Cease from these high themes; return to earth, where you belong.

3, a. *Melpomene*: Anciently the muse of tragedy, but regarded by Spenser (see November Eclogue in the "Shepherd's Calendar") as the muse of elegy. She is therefore a fitting muse to inspire Tennyson at this time. Yet Melpomene does not quite suffice. The poet is not content to write an ordinary elegy, but aspires to rise to the highest ranges of thought.

3, c. *I am not worthy*, etc.: Compare a similar confession by Burns. ("To the Rev. John McMath:")

"All hail, Religion! maid divine!

Pardon a muse sae mean as mine

Who in her rough imperfect line

Thus daurs to name thee."

4, c, d. In these two lines the poet gives two reasons for writing. The first was dwelt on at some length in V; both are again referred to in LXXV and elsewhere.

5. In this stanza we are told how it happens that these poems are so different from ordinary elegies. It is because the author through his friendship with Hallam had been led to the heights and depths of thought.

XXXVIII, 1, b. *Alter'd skies*: The statement that the face of Nature has changed is found in all the classical elegies. Milton refers to it thus in "Lycidas," 37.

"But O the heavy change, now thou art gone."

1, c. *The purple from the distance dies:* i. e., gives place to the bright green of spring.

2, a. *Blowing:* Blooming.

2, c and following. Another reason for writing is here added to those already named—that perhaps Arthur knows. Compare V and VIII.

XXXIX. The fact that, twenty-one years after the first publication of the series, the poet inserted this poem at this point would seem to indicate that it has some special significance. This significance is made clear if we bear in mind that one of Tennyson's arguments for belief in immortality is the fact that, with the lapse of time, the first violence and despair of grief passes away. (See Introduction.) He wishes to impress upon us the thought that this change is slowly taking place in his own feelings. So he reverts to the figure of the yew tree with which he began (II). This poem is in strong contrast with II, and is truer than it. In that, he had declared that the dark yew is unchanging in its gloom. But now, in the gracious springtime, he sees it put forth its tiny blossoms. He accepts this as expressive of the slight change in his own feelings, although despondency still persists and predominates.

1, c. *Living smoke:* The abundant pollen of the yew scatters in clouds, when the tree is shaken. Compare "The Holy Grail," l. 15.

3, b. *Lying lips:* Compare a similar expression in regard to Sorrow in III, 1.

XL, 1, a. *Could we forget, etc:* A wish. Would that we could forget!

5, a. *Thee:* Arthur.

5, c. *Those great offices that suit:* A textual change made in this line is interesting and suggestive. The line originally read, "In such great offices as suit." The poet changed it in order to avoid allowing a word beginning with s to follow immediately on one ending in s. In his mature work he carefully avoided such groupings and also sought to eliminate them from his earlier poems. He called the process "kicking the geese out of the boat" (*Memoir*, II, 14.) He told Mr. Knowles that he would almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together.

7, a. *All they would have told:* All that they wish her to tell.

XLI. The germ of this poem and the six that follow is found in the last stanza of the preceding, where the thought is suggested

that he shall one day meet his friend. Questions, then, naturally arise as to the nature of the meeting.

3, c. *The grades of life*: The various stages of spiritual existence. Compare XXX, 7, and note; also XLVII, 4; LXXXII, 2.

6, c. *The secular to-be*: Endless ages of the future. Compare "secular abyss to come," LXXVI, 2, b.

XLII, 1, b. *Still*: Always, as frequently in poetry.

XLIII. Tennyson's own note on this poem is as follows: "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and color do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over." (*Memoir*, II, 421.)

3, b. *That still garden of the souls*: The idea of a garden is suggested by the figure of the flower. The idea, of course, is, *the abiding place of souls*. So means *provided*.

4, c. *Prime*: Dawn.

4, d. *Rewaken*: The subject is *love* in 4, a.

XLIV. The thought of this poem is very closely akin to the Platonic doctrine that before birth the soul is in contact with pure, spiritual, archetypal forms, or "ideas," a faint memory of which sometimes flashes across the mind during life. See *Phaedo*, 73 and following. Wordsworth bases his famous "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" on a similar thought. Tennyson gives expression to it in "The Two Voices" (stanzas 116-128); also in "The Ancient Sage" (ll. 217-227); and in "Far—Far—Away" (ll. 13-15).

1, d. *God shut the doorways of his head*: A very obscure expression. Gatty and others following him interpret it as referring to the closing up of the sutures in an infant's skull. Others understand it as referring to the failing powers of extreme old age. Both views are too literal, and the latter is utterly impossible. Taken in connection with the central idea of the poem, the thought would seem to be that the soul, which before birth had had a free existence, is on the instant of birth imprisoned in the body, with all avenues of escape closed. Compare Browning's lines in "Paracelsus," I:

"There is an inmost centre in us all  
Where truth abides in fulness, and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in," etc.

3, 4. In these somewhat obscure stanzas the thought is that in the life to come faint memories of this life may flash across the mind.

3, b. The water of the mythical river Lethe produced forgetfulness. The meaning is, If Death *thus* forgets, i. e., *faintly remembers*.

4, c. *My guardian angel*: Compare *Matt.*, xviii, 10.

XLV. With this poem compare "De Profundis."

Dr. Martineau (*Study of Religion*, II, 342) gives the thought of this poem in philosophical language: "Once at least have we been disengaged from the infinite, and emerged from non-existence. In comparison with this is it not a small thing to emerge from Death? For there is now, at all events, the ready-made Ego, the established unit of formed character and practised powers, instead of blank nothingness, a mere zero of potentiality. There is no need to provide both field and agent: let the field be opened and the agent is there." (Quoted by Robinson.)

XLVI, 1, a. *We ranging down this lower track*: That is, *while* we are moving down the path of earthly life.

1, c. *Is shadow'd*, etc.: That is, much is forgotten.

3, d. *Those five years*: Compare XXII, 1-3.

4. This close-wrought stanza might be thus paraphrased: O Love, if those five years constituted thy whole province, it would be small indeed; but it is not so limited, for thy presence, like a beautiful star, lord of the entire life, lights up my whole career from birth to death.

XLVII. Tennyson here considers a theory somewhat akin to the Buddhistic idea of Nirvana—considers it only to reject it. Forty years later, though perhaps then less insistent, he held the same opinion of the theory as that set forth in this poem. His son records that in June, 1890, the poet had a conversation with Professor Tyndall in the course of which he expressed his belief in "individual immortality." The scientist suggested that we might all be "absorbed into the Godhead," to which Tennyson replied: "Suppose that He is the real Person, and we are only relatively personal" (*Memoir*, II, 380). At another time, in speaking of this theory of absorption, he said: "Let them [its advocates] at all events allow us many existences of individuality be-



fore this absorption." (*Memoir*, I, 319.) This doctrine of the several existences is referred to in XXX, 7, and elsewhere. See note on XXX, 7. There is, also, a suggestion of this doctrine here, in the first and last stanzas of the poem.

1. This entire stanza is the subject of *is*, the first word in 2.

1, *b*. *Rounds*: Stages of existence. See note above on doctrine of several existences.

4, *a*. *The last and sharpest height*: The last "round" or stage of existence.

4, *d*. *Light*: The Divine Essence.

For ideas opposed to those expressed here, see "Adonais," xxxviii, 5-9.

XLVIII, 2, 3. Compare "The Ancient Sage," ll. 57-77.

3, *c, d*. *Holds it sin \* \* \* to draw*, etc.: Tennyson, even if he had been a pessimist, would not have burdened others with his melancholy ideas.

4, *c*. *Short swallow-flights of song*: These words suggest the method of composition by which the series grew.

XLIX. This poem fitly closes the fourth group. Throughout the section the poet has brooded over the problem of the future life, approaching it from many standpoints, "from art, from nature, from the schools" (1, *a*). He has derived a superficial comfort from his speculations; yet, under all, lies his grief deep and impenetrable, and full of doubt.

## SECTION FIVE.

In this section, his speculations lead him farther and farther into the gloom, and his despair nearly overcomes him. The opening prayer (Poem L) appropriately begins the section.

L, 1, *a*. *Light*: The light of faith and hope. For a time when this light is low indeed, see LIV-LVI.

2, *c, d*. *Time a maniac*: Supply *seems*. So also in *d*, *Life seems a Fury*. *Dust* in *c* refers to the human body which at death returns "dust to dust." (Compare LVI, 5, *c*.) *Flame* in *d* is a type of suffering. In the poet's gloomy moods, death and suffering sometimes seem the only realities of life.

3, *b*. *Men the flies*: Supply *seem*, as above. In a similar strain, in "Vastness," he speaks of men as "ants," "gnats," and "bees." Similarly in *Job*, xxv, 6, man is called a worm.

4, *b*, and following: i. e., in order that you may point out to me the dawning of the eternal day. *Term* means *end*.

LII, 1, *a, b.* *I cannot love thee as I ought*, etc.: This passage seems to mean, *not* "I am unable to love thee," etc., but rather, "It cannot be that I am loving thee as I ought, for I recognize that my life is full of sin whereas true love would reflect thy purity."

3, *c, d.* *The sinless years*, etc.: The life of Christ.

4, *c.* *Is gather'd in*: Shall be gathered in. Present tense for the future, as frequently in prophecy.

4, *d.* *Shell from pearl*: The body from the soul.

LIII. The preceding poem brought up the problem of evil. In this and the following poem the poet speculates on the problem. Here he reflects that evil sometimes serves a purpose in the development of character, since in struggling to overcome it, moral strength is gained. Compare the saying of St. Augustine quoted in the note on I, 1, *c.* But to advise youths to plunge into sin for the purpose of later gaining strength is exceedingly dangerous, he thinks; for there are some who thereby succumb to sin. His conclusion is stated in 4, *a*, "Hold thou the good; define it well."

2, *a.* *Dare we to this fancy give*: Dare we give in to this doctrine?

LIV. The thought of the multitudes overcome by evil ("those that eddy round and round," mentioned in 3, *d*, of the preceding) brings the poet face to face with the problem in its wider applications. It is no wonder that he is baffled, for it is unquestionably one of the most difficult problems with which the human mind has ever grappled. Again he tries, as in the preceding poems, to keep on "the sunnier side of doubt"; but he realizes his limitations more keenly than ever. He can but feebly trust that good will eventually befall all. The theory here put forth so tentatively is also suggested at the close of "The Vision of Sin"; while in "Faith," and "God and the Universe" it is confidently asserted. Moreover, there are references to it in his reported conversations. His son once heard him say that he "would rather know that he was to be lost eternally than not know that the whole human race was to live eternally." (*Memoir*, I, 321.) See also note on LV, 5, *d*. Compare also "Despair," XIX, 3.

LV. This poem logically grows out of the preceding. The first two lines repeat the thought of LIV, 2, and LIV, 4, *b-d*. In his bitterness of spirit, the poet now turns for light and guidance to



Science. But Science brings him no comfort. Confusion worse confounded rules in his mind.

1-3. A remark of the poet recorded by his son in 1892 is an interesting comment on this passage. In speaking of faith in God's love, he said: "We do not get this faith from Nature or the world. If we look on Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder and rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us." (Compare 1, d.) (*Memoir*, I, 314.)

1, c. *Derives*: Springs.

2, c, d. *So careful of the type*, etc.: A scientific fact afterwards (1859) explained by Darwin in *The Origin of Species*. Van Dyke appropriately quotes from Romanes (*Darwin and after Darwin*, I, 265) to the effect that we have here "a striking reduplication by Science of a general truth previously stated by Poetry."

3, c. *Fifty seeds*, etc.: Modern Science finds many greater examples of wastefulness than this. For instance, it is stated that a single codfish produces *eight or nine million* eggs, of which, on an average, not more than two will reach maturity.

5, d. *The larger hope*: Hallam Tennyson says that by this phrase his father meant "that the whole human race would through, perhaps, ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved, even those who now 'better not with time.'" (*Memoir*, I, 321-2.) Compare Note on LIV.

LVI. This poem, again, is closely linked with the preceding, the first line being caught up from LV, 2, c. Further pondering shows the poet that Nature is apparently even more heedless than he had at first thought. A mood of despair somewhat akin to this is dramatically set forth in Tennyson's poem "Despair."

1, b. *Scarpèd*: Cut down vertically.

1, c. *She cries*: Nature speaks—by means of fossils.

2, c. *The spirit does but mean the breath*: A correct definition of the original meaning of the Latin *spiritus*.

2, d. *I know no more*: Natural Science has to do only with matter.

4, c, d. *Nature, red in tooth and claw*, etc.: Compare Note on LV, 1-3.

5, c. *Be blown about the desert dust*: The thought is the same as that in L, 2, c. *Be blown*, of course, grammatically follows *shall he* in 2, d.

6, *a*. *No more?* Is this the whole story? In this stanza, the poet, weighed down by his bereavement, and also by the mighty problems of human life and destiny, reaches the lowest depths of his despondency.

6, *b*. *Dragons of the prime:* The huge mesozoic reptiles, such as the dinosaur, etc.

7, *b*. *Thy voice:* Arthur's. Hallam had grappled with these problems, and had reached a measure of satisfaction. (Compare XCVI, 2-6.) He had set forth his ideas in his essay, *Theodicaa Novissima*.

LVII. Gatty suggests that this may have been addressed to his sister. (See 2, *a*.)

1, *a*, *b*. *The song of woe \* \* \* an earthly song:* Compare XXXVII, 4. Compare also the closing line in "Vastness."

2, *d*. *My work will fail:* Compare LXXV-LXXVII.

3, *b*, *c*. *Bell will seem to toll The passing,* etc.: The reference is to the custom of tolling the so-called "passing-bell" for the dying.

4, *c*. *Ave, Ave, Ave:* A word of greeting or farewell used by the Romans. The poet doubtless has in mind some lines of his favorite Latin lyric poet, Catullus, in which the latter bids farewell to his departed brother, saying, "Frater, ave atque vale." (*Catullus, Opera*, ci.) In 1880, when Tennyson was in Italy, he visited the ruins of the country-house of Catullus, and, recalling that poet's lament, composed his lines entitled "Frater Ave atque Vale," which see. For another allusion to Catullus's elegy, which he thought no modern elegy could equal in pathos, see a letter to Gladstone in *Memoir*, II, 239.

LVIII. The preceding poem might fittingly have closed this section, and seems originally intended as a final note. (Compare 1, *a*.) But the poet was apparently unwilling to conclude so dismally, and consequently holds out here a promise of better things.

3, *a*. *The high Muse:* Urania, the heavenly muse." Compare XXXVII, 1, *a*, and Note.

## SECTION SIX

In the preceding sections, the poet has given vent to various moods of grief, doubt, and despair. He has pondered the problem of the future life, the problem of Evil, and the problem of Nature's beneficence, but has arrived at no very satisfactory conclusions. His mind is full of misgivings and wistful yearnings;

he is unsettled and overwrought. He hopes, however, deep down in his heart, that Sorrow has a more beneficent ministry than he has yet discerned; and so, apparently after an extended interval, (see LVIII) he begins again and in a calmer strain.

LIX. This poem was added in the fourth edition (1851). The poet evidently felt that something more was needed to explain the wide difference in mood between the following poems and those that precede.

1, b. *No casual mistress, but a wife*: That is, not giving him passing moods of violent emotion, but permanently influencing his life and character,—making him “wise and good.” (2, d.) This is certainly very different from III, which was also addressed to Sorrow. Observe, however, that stanzas 1 and 2 are both questions, implying that the speaker is uncertain whether or not Sorrow can affect him as he hopes.

2, c. *Rule my blood*: Contrast with III, 4, c.

4, d. *Thee*: The poet is still addressing Sorrow.

4, d. *Could hardly tell what name were thine*: As in the closing cycle which is written in a triumphant strain.

LX. In this poem and the five that follow, the poet, assuming that Arthur still lives, tries to imagine in what regard Arthur holds their old-time friendship.

LXI, 1, b. *Change replies*: Exchange replies; i. e., converse.

3, a. *Doubtful shore*: Indistinct because of distance or imperfect memory. Compare “dim touch,” XLIV, 3, c.

3, d. *Shakespeare*: The great dramatist is mentioned as a conspicuous example of “the circle of the wise” (1, c.); and also because in his sonnets he has paid a beautiful tribute to friendship.

LXII. This poem might easily have been made a part of the preceding, so closely connected are the two.

1, a. *An eye that's downward cast*: Refers to LXI, 2, a.

2, a. *And thou*: Supply *be* from 1, c. The self-denying love involved in this wish is seen when we recall such poems as XLIV, L and LXI.

2, a. *Declined*: Stooped.

3, a. *Novel*: The word here means simply *new* or *different*.

LXIII. This poem is, likewise, closely connected with the foregoing. It gives in analogy a tentative answer to the question raised in LXII.

1, d. *Assumptions*: Aspirings.

3, c. *Round*: a verb. Compare XXX, 7.

LXIV. The thought here is similar to that of LXIII, but the conception is finer and the analogy closer. This was a favorite poem of President McKinley. It describes something which has occurred much more frequently in the United States than in England. The twenty-eight lines form a single complex sentence, but the construction is not difficult.

3, b. *The golden keys*: The symbol of high office.

6, a. *The limit*: An appositive of *the stream* in the preceding line.

LXV, 1, c. d. "*Love's too precious to be lost*," etc. These lines refer to the last two poems.

2, b. *Phases*: Moods or meditations.

2, c. *Flutters up*: A metaphor probably suggested by a butterfly emerging from the chrysalis.

LXVI, 1, a. *Diseased*: Dis-eased, i. e., ill at ease.

2, c. *Has made me kindly with my kind*: Here at last, is a positive statement, forming a partial answer to the initial query of I, 2, as to how any gain was to accrue from his loss. Compare Wordsworth's statement, likewise made after a sad personal bereavement, in "Elegiac Stanzas, Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle":—

"I have submitted to a new control.

\* \* \* \* \*

A deep distress hath humanized my soul."

3, b. *Whose jest*: The habitual, quiet cheerfulness of the blind has often been noted. The poet's state of mind is similar. Though he is always conscious of his loss, a sweet spirit of resignation is displacing the wilder moods of the past. Thus the prayer at the beginning of the section (LIX) is being answered.

4, d. *His night of loss*. Compare Milton's accounts of his blindness in "Paradise Lost," iii, 21-55; in his sonnet "On His Blindness"; and the closing line of his sonnet "On His Deceased Wife."

LXVII. This and the four poems that follow are all closely related, forming the second group of this section. These poems, like XXII-XXIV, are largely reminiscent, but the mood is much calmer; LXVII-LXXI all describe dreams, thoughts and feelings which are spontaneous, "beyond the will." (LXX, 4, a.)

1, b. *Thy place of rest*: In the manor aisle of Clevedon church. See Introduction and notes on XVIII and XIX.

1, c. *Broad water of the west*: Robinson states that the Severn is nine miles wide at this point.

2, a. *Thy marble bright in dark appears*: Rolfe is authority for the statement that when the moon is high, it shines in through the large south window, lighting up the tablet as here described.

4, c. *Dark church*: Tennyson first wrote chancel, being misled by Henry Hallam's account of his son's burial-place. After visiting the church in 1850, he changed the reading. (*Memoir*, I, 305.)

LXVIII. 1, b. *Sleep, Death's twin brother*: According to Greek mythology, Sleep and Death were sons of Erebus and Nox. They are frequently referred to together as in *Iliad*, XIV, 231; and XVI, 672.

4, d. *Foolish sleep transfers to thee*: As Davidson notes, this shows keen psychological observation.

LXIX. In this poem, Tennyson recapitulates in a figurative way all that he has thus far said. At first he had thought that his life was blighted forever; all the world seemed dark and trivial, and he withdrew from his fellowmen to mourn. But something, which in conversation he once described as "the divine thing in the gloom," gave him new life and hope, although even in this poem he cannot understand the mystery. With stanzas 1 and 2, compare, for example, poems I-VIII, XIX and XX, and others; with 3, compare XXI, XXXVII, and others; with 4, b and following, compare XXXIX, LXIV-LXVI, and others.

5, d. *The words were hard to understand*: Compare the closing lines of "The Vision of Sin." To interpret these words—words not of grief but of comfort—is the burden of the poems that follow.

LXX. This poem, like the preceding, is more than an account of a curious dream; it is a reflection of the poet's state of mind. When he strives to reason out the mysteries of life (as, for example, in most of the poems from XXXIV to LVI), he finds only confusion; but stealing into his heart, beyond the power of his mind to comprehend or his will to control, there is coming a sense of peace.

LXXI. 1, d. *In which we went thro' summer France*: A reference to the journey to France on which Tennyson and Hallam went together in the summer of 1830. See introduction. The same journey is also mentioned in the poem "In the Valley of Caunteretz," which the poet wrote on revisiting the region in

August, 1861. In this latter poem the poet's memory is at fault and he recalls the journey as two and thirty years ago, when in reality it was one and thirty. (See *Memoir*, I, 475.)

## SECTION SEVEN

LXXII, 3, *c, d.* *The daisy close Her crimson fringes:* Compare Burns's address to the daisy, "Wee modest crimson-tipped flower." This stanza shows Tennyson's careful observation of nature.

4. That is, if, instead of being dark and rainy, the day had been clear and sunny, it would have seemed equally desolate to him.

7, *d.* *Hide thy shame:* Gatty suggests as a parallel passage Job's curse upon his birthday. See *Job*, iii, 3-9.

LXXIII, 1, *c.* *How know I,* etc.: The meaning is: How do I know which of the myriad activities of life had need of thy strong, true assistance?

2, *c, d.* *I curse not Nature, no, nor Death,* etc.: The mood here expressed is very different from that of LXXII. Compare the lines "To J. S." (James Spedding), which must have been written about the same time as this poem, noticeably stanza ix, 1, 3; "Great Nature is more wise than I."

3, 4. Many authors might be quoted who speak thus of the transitoriness of earthly fame, the longing for which is the "last infirmity of noble minds." The passage which is most suggestive in connection with these lines is in "Lycidas," ll. 70-84.

4, *c, d.* "*The large results Of force,* etc.: Bradley here quotes lines from the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington":

"Nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here."

LXXIV, 1. Gatty quotes an interesting parallel to this stanza from Sir Thomas Browne's "Letter to a Friend": "He lost his own face and looked like one of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance but looked his uncle."

2, *a, b.* *Now \* \* \* I see thee what thou art,* etc. Here is another "gain in loss." Compare LXVI, 2.

LXXV, 2, *c.* *Or voice:* Supply *what*, i. e., *Or what voice.*

3, *d.* *Dust of praise:* Compare "The Two Voices," stanza 69:—

"I know that age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds."



LXXVI, 1, 2. The first stanza emphasizes the infinite vastness of space; the second, the infinite extent of time.

2, *b*. *The secular abyss to come*: The limitless ages of the future. Compare XLI, 6, *c*, and note.

2, *d*. *Yew*: 'This tree, as was mentioned under II, 1, *a*, lives to an age of several centuries.

3, *a*. *The matin songs, etc.*: The poems of Homer and other ancient poets.

4, *b*. *Fifty Mays*: The poet's prophecy that his work would be forgotten in half a century has certainly not come true.

LXXVII. The thought is continued directly from LXXVI.

1, *d*. *Forshorten'd*: For a similar use of this word Bradley quotes "Queen Mary," III, v. 22:—

"How many names in the long sweep of time  
That so foreshortens greatness, may," etc.

3, *b*, *c*. *The page that tells A grief, then changed to something else*: An exact description of "In Memoriam."

4, *d*. *To utter love (is) more sweet than praise*: For reasons, see V, VIII, and XXXVIII.

### CYCLE III

#### SECTION EIGHT

LXXVIII, 1, *a*. *Again at Christmas*: Probably 1834.

1, *d*. *Calmly fell our Christmas-eve*: Compare XXX, 1, *d*, and CV, 1, *d*.

2, *a*. *The yule-clog*: This was a huge log which in rural England used to be burned on Christmas eve with much ceremony.

3, *c*. *"The mimic picture's breathing grace"*: Tableaux, or charades.

4, 5. Time is sweetening the bitterness of Grief, and the poet, recurring to the thought of I and II, wonders if this is not a sad thing,—a sign of human weakness and fickleness. He then proceeds to answer his own question. This poem prepares us for the calmer moods that follow.

LXXIX. The family reunion at Christmas time prompts this poem. The first line is a quotation from the final line of IX. The poet wishes his brother Charles to understand that it was a difference of kind and not of degree which made Arthur more than his brothers to him.

1, *d*. *Hold . . . . . in fee*: Possess absolutely.

2, *d*. It was this brother Charles (See Introduction) with whom Alfred published the "Poems of Two Brothers" and with whom, later, he entered college. While Charles very much resembled the poet, Arthur was Alfred's complement.

LXXX, 3, *d*. *But turns his burthen into gain*: The poet regards as possible what he formerly regarded as impossible. Compare I, 2.

4, *a*. *His credit*: His example.

LXXXI, 1. The first stanza would perhaps be clearer if punctuated as a question.

2, 3. Supply *No* at beginning of line 2, *a*, in answer to the question of 1. The idea of negation is expanded in this line. The question of 2, *b*, then follows; how can he ever cease to regret that their love did not have time to ripen fully? He is cast down by the thought. But instantly comes the other thought that Death in a moment accomplished the work of years, perfecting and glorifying his love for Arthur. Notice that here Death's answer is *sweet*; another gain in loss. Compare LXVI, 2; and LXXIV, 2.

3, *c*. *Ripeness*: It is a fact that under certain conditions a sudden frost will accomplish what is here described.

LXXXII. The horrors of the grave—physical disintegration and decay—do not alarm him, for he believes that his friend's great spirit is moving on. He only regrets that he cannot hear his voice. Here certainly he expresses a large measure of trust and comfort.

2, *b*. *From state to state*: Another reference to the theory of many stages of existence. Compare XXX, 7, *d* and Note.

4, *b*. *Garners*: This intransitive use of the word is very rare.

LXXXIII. Filled with a new trust and optimism, the poet longs for Spring, the season of rejoicing, feeling that it alone can typify his brighter hopes.

1, *b*. *New-year*: Van Dyke points out that in "The Thristle," this term is likewise used for Spring.

3, *d*. *Dropping-wells of fire*: The laburnum blossoms are of a bright yellow color and hang in an inverted position.

LXXXIV, 3, *c, d*. *One Of mine own house*: Emily Tennyson, to whom Arthur Hallam was betrothed. (See Introduction.)

4, *c*. *Made cypress of her orange flower*: The cypress, the ancient symbol of mourning, contrasted with the orange blossom, the more recent symbol of marriage.



9, *a, b*. These lines each constitute a "nominative absolute" construction.

11, *a*. *Arrive*: Used transitively as frequently in Elizabethan English. Compare Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii, 409), "Ere he arrive the happy isle."

11, *b*, *And he that died in Holy Land*, etc.: Compare "Crossing the Bar":—

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar."

12, *d*. *The low beginnings of content*: Another indication of the change of mood.

LXXXV. In this poem the spirit of calm and the brightening hopes which have appeared in all the previous poems of the cycle are expressed more assuredly. The poem has, indeed, been called by some the "turning-point" of the whole series. This, however, is scarcely correct; for "the low beginnings of content" have already been heard. Nevertheless it is certainly true that these lines mark a great advance toward "the closing cycle rich in good."

1, *c, d*. *'Tis better to have loved and lost*, etc.: A quotation from XXVII, 4; to the time of the writing of this passage reference is made in line *a*.

2, *a*. *O, true in word and tried in deed*: Compare *Epilogue* 1, *a*. In both passages the reference is to Professor Edmund Law Lushington of the University of Glasgow, an old college friend of both Hallam and Tennyson. The *Epilogue* was written in honor of his marriage with the poet's youngest sister, Cecilia. In the following lines, Lushington is represented as asking Tennyson three questions which are answered in the succeeding stanzas. These are: First, what manner of life is he now leading? (2, *d*); second, has his faith in God been dimmed or increased? (3, *a, b*); third, is it possible for him to enjoy another friendship? (3, *c, d*). The first and second are answered in stanzas 5-14; the third in stanzas 15-30.

6, *a*. *The great Intelligences*: The angels.

7, *b, c, d*. *Showed him in the fountain fresh*, etc.: That is, showed him at once all the knowledge that men shall acquire here on earth during all the ages to come.

9. This stanza is parenthetical. The *yet* at the beginning of 10 refers back to 8. Stanza 12 is also parenthetical.

10, *b*. *How much of act at human hands*: Contrasted with

*wander on a darken'd earth* (8, c). That is, a life of activity rather than of aimless drifting (as suggested in 8) is necessary to make a man realize his freedom of will, without a consciousness of which he would have no courage to face either life or death.

14, a. *The imaginative woe*, etc.: Of course not *imaginary* woe, but rather that element in his grief which led him, as in the Second Cycle, to brood over the great problems of existence, and especially to conjure up images of immortal life (compare 13, c, and 24-25), thus diverting his mind somewhat from the numbing personal gloom of the First Cycle. Compare his remark (*Memoir*, II, 239) that "so long as men retain the least hope in the after-life of those whom they loved" no elegy can "equal in pathos the desolation of that everlasting farewell" of Catullus to his brother. (Compare note on LVII, 4, c.)

16, a. *I woo your love*: Note the great change in mood from VI, 11, d.

20, a. *My old affection*: Arthur himself, who in the following lines, and again in 23, seems to speak to him.

22, c. *How is it?* Observe that the question discussed tentatively in LX-LXIV is here confidently answered.

23, d. *That serene result of all*: Doubtless the same result which the poet in LIV had faintly trusted.

26, a. Inverted order of phrases—in the natural phrase construction, the first would follow the second.

27, a, b. *For which they \* \* \* golden hours*: That is, what are the elements which in a special way guarantee a perfect friendship?

30, c. *The primrose of the later year*: The primrose sometimes buds and blooms a second time in the autumn.

LXXXVI. This beautiful single sentence poem was written at Barmouth, in Wales, and was one of Tennyson's favorites. He frequently quoted it, as giving "pre-eminently his sense of the joyous peace in Nature." (*Memoir*, I, 313.) The song beginning, "O, diviner Air," at the beginning of "The Sisters," has a similar motive.

1, a. *Ambrosial air*: The gentle west wind, which drives the clouds from the sky (1, d—2, a), and seems to lift the poet's heart from the domination of Doubt and Death to a state of serenity and peace.

2, b. *Dewy-tassell'd*: Compare CII, 3, d.

2, c. *Horned flood*: A peculiar expression which Van Dyke and Chambers interpret to mean "winding." A more probable interpretation is that the epithet is used in reference to the promontories of sand which are washed up by the waves. Baedeker's *Great Britain* notes the fact that prior to the building of the railroad embankment and the new Esplanade, the sand drifted very badly along the Barmouth beach.

3, d. *The fancy*: The poet told Knowles that this meant "Imagination—the fancy—no particular fancy."

LXXXVII-XCV. These poems all have to do with the thought suggested in LXXXV, 24, a—that of holding "commerce with the dead." In the first three, the communion is in memory; in the next six, the possibility of actual spiritual communion is discussed.

LXXXVII, 1, a. *The reverend walls*: Those of Trinity College, Cambridge, founded by Henry VIII, in 1546, and the largest college in England. Its roster of famous names is unusually long, including Bacon, Newton, Dryden, Cowley, Herbert, Byron, Macaulay, and Thackeray.

4, c. *That long walk of limes*: Behind the college, across the Cam, are the "Trinity Walks," a beautiful park crossed by a broad avenue bordered by rows of lofty limes. This avenue is one of the familiar "sights" of the University. It leads to New Court, where at No. 3, G., Hallam's rooms were. Compare Tennyson's sonnet "To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield," especially ll. 6 and 7:—

"How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,  
Him, the last light of those dawn-golden times."

6, a. b. *A band Of youthful friends*: The poet told Mr. Knowles that this referred to the "Water Club," so-called because they did not have wine at their meetings. The society is more frequently spoken of as the "Apostles." They had regular meetings for debates, and literary and political discussions. (*Memoir*, I, 42-43.) See Introduction.

8, a. *The master-bowman*: All of Hallam's friends testify to his brilliance in discussion and criticism.

10, d. *The bar of Michael Angelo*: A prominent ridge of bone over the eyes noticeable in portraits of the great artist. Hallam's forehead had a similar "bar," as he himself once suggested to the poet. (*Memoir*, I, 38.) See also "Personal Recollections of Ten-

nyson," by W. Gordon McCabe, in *The Century Magazine* for March, 1902.

LXXXVIII. The poet's mingled feelings of joy and grief as he recalls his college days remind him of the glad-sad song of the nightingale, which, as a thousand poets testify, seems a wonderful compound of outwelling joy and plaintive sorrow. This peculiarity of the nightingale's song is also beautifully described toward the close of "The Gardener's Daughter."

1, *b*. *The budded quicks*: The new shoots of the hawthorn hedgerows. Compare CXV, 1, *b*.

3. In this stanza we have one of the poet's clearest statements of his mood at this time, and also of the facts on which he founds his doctrine of "heart knowledge." See Introduction. His reason bids him grieve and doubt, but his heart rises buoyantly.

LXXXIX, 1, *a*. *Witch-elms*: Also spelled Wych-elm, a species native to Great Britain. Again referred to in XCV, 15, *b*. *Counterchange*: Checker.

1, *b*. *This flat lawn*: The lawn at Somersby, where Hallam frequently visited. (See Introduction.) The sycamore (1, *d*) is again referred to in XCV, 14 *c*. The tree is no longer standing. Compare "Ode to Memory," iv, 11-12.

3, *d*. *Dusty purlieus of the law*: The Inner Temple, where at the time he was reading law.

4-13. Could there be a more vivid or more attractive picture of vacation days in the country?

6, *d*. *The Tuscan poets*: Dante, Petrarch and Tasso were favorite poets of Hallam. In December, 1831, he gave an oration in the college chapel on "The Influence of the Italian on English Literature," and he taught Emily Tennyson, his sweetheart, Italian, so that she might enjoy these Tuscan poets with him. He himself wrote excellent Italian sonnets.

7, *c*. *She brought the harp*: The reference is doubtless to Mary Tennyson, the oldest sister. (*Memoir*, I, 77.)

12, *c, d*. *The crimson-circled star*, etc.: Before Venus had gone down in the sea where some hours before the sun (her father) had disappeared. This is not in accord with classical mythology; but rather refers, as the poet explained to Gatty, to the theory of Laplace, according to which the planet is understood to be "evolved from the sun."

XC. He is indignant at the idea that if the dead came back to life again they would not be welcomed, and declares that who-

ever first set forth the idea could never have known what true love means. As for himself, he wishes with poignant longing that his friend might return. This poem is introductory to the next five, all of which deal with the thought of spiritual communion.

5, *c. Confusion worse than death*: A phrase repeated from the "Choric Song" in "The Lotus-Eaters" (Section VI). This section of the Choric Song and the latter part of Enoch Arden contain in suggestion the idea here set forth in stanzas 2, 4 and 5.

XCI, 1, *d The sea-blue bird of March*: The kingfisher, as Tennyson explained in a letter to the Duke of Argyle. (*Memoir*, II, 4.)

2, *a. Come, wear the form by which, etc.*: The *come* is to be connected in thought with 6, *a*, of the preceding poem. As Bradley suggests, the coming in visible form is the "point" of the poem. He here calls upon his friend to come in springtime, appearing to him as in the springtime of his life; or to come in summer (3, 4) in the "after-form" in which his ripened powers must now clothe themselves. The bright faith of the final stanza is in striking contrast with the wavering, wistful mood of the second cycle.

XCII. This and the following poem appear to have been suggested by the teachings of spiritualism. Frederick Tennyson, the poet's oldest brother, was an ardent believer in spiritualism, having faith in table-rapping and other similar manifestations of spirit. As late as 1887 the two brothers had a lively discussion in regard to these matters. Alfred said: "I grant you that spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks; but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table legs to speak to the heart of man. \* \* \* \* There is really too much flummery mixed up with it, supposing, as I am inclined to believe, there is something in it." (*Memoir*, II, 342.) Spiritualism did not attract much attention in England until 1848, when great interest in it was aroused; and hence it is not unreasonable to suppose that these poems were written late and inserted. This, however, is not a necessary deduction; for the subject had long interested the poet. See *Memoir*, I, 497.

1, *a. If any vision should reveal Thy likeness, etc.*: Note that the poet mentions the two kinds of evidence most credited by "mediums" to prove the truth of their claims, viz., knowledge of the past (2), and of the future (3), and that he explains both subjectively.

3, *d. Phantom-warning*: The *they* in the next line would seem to require a plural here.

XCIII, 1, *a. I shall not see thee*: Tennyson (as indicated in the note on XCII) rejects all the ordinary spiritualistic beliefs, all visible manifestations. He does believe, however, in some sort of spiritual communion (2, *b-d*). An example of a trance state in which he had credence is given in XCV.

3, *a. Sightless*: Invisible.

XCIV, 1, *a. Pure at heart*: The poet here sets forth his belief that the pure in heart of whom it was said that they shall see God (*Matt.*, v, 8) may also in hours of inner calm enjoy high spiritual communion with the dead. Note that this is utterly different from the *vulgar* spiritualistic manifestations through "mediums" which are referred to in XCII and XCIII; see also note on XCV, 9, *d*.

XCV. The Dean of Westminster gives Tennyson's prose account of this lawn party. (*Memoir*, I, 205.)

2, *d. The fluttering urn*: The boiling tea-urn.

3, *b. The filmy shapes*: Night moths.

4, *d. Their dark arms*: Shadows.

8, *a, b. The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell On doubts, etc.*: As in XCVI.

9, *d. The living soul was flashed on mine*: The divine soul of the universe. The line originally read, "His living soul." The poet told Knowles that his conscience was troubled by the "his," but that he had "often had a strange feeling of being wound and wrapped in the Great Soul."

Here and in the stanzas following we have an account of a peculiar trance state. For other instances of this same state as understood by Tennyson, see "The Ancient Sage" (II, 229-239), "The Holy Grail" (last ¶), "Sir Galahad" (stanzas 6, 7), "The Ring" (ll. 32-37). He once wrote that from his boyhood up he had frequently had "a kind of waking trance," in which his individuality "seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility." He also suggested that in the same way there might be more intimate communion with the dead than is generally dreamed of. See *Memoir*, I, 320. See also Professor Tyndall's account of the same (*Memoir*, II, 473-4). Similar trance states



are described by many poets and seers ancient and modern, among whom are Plato, Plotinus, Dante, Goethe, and Wordsworth. Tennyson thought this state of trance might be that to which Paul has reference in II *Cor.* xii, 2-4.

10, c. *That which is*: Ultimate reality.

11, a. *Aeonian*: Eternal, see XXXV, 3, c, and note.

11, d. *Cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt*: Not a gloomy doubt, as some have supposed. The correct interpretation is given in the poet's prose account (*Memoir*, I, 320). Here he explains that though in the trance he seemed utterly to lose his identity, the sense of individuality returned strongly when it was over. He says: "When I come back to my normal state of 'sanity', I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich*, and hold it will last for æons of æons."

12, a. *Vague words*, etc.: In describing this trance state in conversation the poet had equal difficulty in expressing himself (see above, and also *Memoir*, II, 473).

XCVI. This poem apparently grew out of the thought suggested in stanza 8 of the preceding. In a way it is the counterpart of XXXIII. It may have been addressed to one of the poet's sisters who had reproved him for his bold speculations.

2, a. *One indeed I knew*: Hallam. One of his early friends wrote (Hallam's *Remains*, Preface, p. xxxi): "When I first knew him he was subject to occasional fits of mental depression, which gradually grew fewer and fainter, and had at length, I thought, disappeared, or merged in a peaceful Christian faith." Of Hallam's essays the most remarkable is undoubtedly his *Theodicaea Novissima*, in which he faced courageously the problems of evil and of God's justice. The essay shows, throughout, profound thought and concludes in a spirit of triumphant faith.

3, c. *Faith in honest doubt*: Some Christians apparently do not have enough faith in their faith to put their theology to the test of scientific examination. Tennyson's idea is that an honest search for truth is more truly religious than a blind traditionalism, or an ignorant superstition.

6, b. *Sinai's peaks of old*: See *Exodus*, xix, 16-25, and xxxii, 1-7.

XCVII, 1, a. *My love*: This is not a reference to Arthur, but simply a personification of love. If we change the pronouns in this stanza to the neuter, we detract from the beauty of the poetry but we find the meaning clearer:

"My love has talked with rocks and trees;  
It finds," etc.

1, c. *His own vast shadow*: An allusion to the well known "Spectre of the Brocken," seen in the Harz mountains, an optical phenomenon; at sunrise or sunset, one sees one's own shadow, enlarged to gigantic extent, cast upon the mountain summit.

1, d. *He sees himself in all he sees*: The meaning of this stanza is not "highly mystical", as Gatty says, but simply that everything the poet sees "speaks to him of something that has gone." (Compare C, 1, c, d, and the following.) A concrete example is given in the following stanzas. The relation of the simple, home-keeping wife to her intellectual husband suggests his own relation to the soaring, free spirit of his friend. The thought is somewhat similar to that of LXIV.

XCVIII. Written in May, 1836, at the time of the marriage of his brother Charles to Miss Louisa Sellwood. It was at this same wedding that Alfred took the bride's sister Emily into church and fell in love with her, as the phrase is, at first sight. (*Memoir*, I, 148.)

1, c. *When I was there with him*: A reference to Tennyson's and Hallam's tour of the Rhine. (See Introduction and *Memoir*, I, 87.)

3, c, d. *I will not see Vienna*: Tennyson kept this vow.

6, a. *Mother town*: A translation of *metropolis*. In "The Princess," I, 111, the expression "mother-city" is similarly used.

#### SECTION NINE

XCIX. Compare LXXII. This poem shows a gain in that it is not entirely self-centered. Compare 5, c, with LXVI, 2, c.

C, 1, d. *Some gracious memory of my friend*: Very different is the mood of this from the deep melancholy of the earlier poems, as, for example XLIX.

2, d. *Wold*: See note on XI.

CI. After the death of Dr. Tennyson, the poet's father, in 1831, the family continued to live in Somersby rectory until 1837, when they moved to High Beech in Epping Forest, a few miles north of London. This removal suggested this poem and the two that follow.

3, c. *The Lesser Wain*: The constellation *Ursa Minor*, commonly called "The Little Dipper." It revolves about the North Star (3, d).



4, b. *The haunts of hewn and crake*: This and other expressions here suggest "The Brook." The stream referred to here runs through the fields near the rectory.

6, b. *Lops the glades*: Cuts out the underbrush and trims the trees.

CII, 2, c. *Two spirits of a diverse love*: According to Hallam Tennyson, these lines refer to the poet's father and to his friend. (*Memoir*, I, 72.) Gatty, however, states that the poet told him that these spirits do not represent persons; but that "the first is the love of the native place; the second, the same love enhanced by the memory of the friend." Compare CV, 2, a.

3, b. *Matin song*: Doubtless an allusion to the poems published in 1827.

CIII. This poem is an allegory of the poet's life, past and to come. According to an intimate friend of the poet, it is an account of an actual dream. The maidens are his poetical powers. Hitherto they have sung only to his friend or in honor of him. Now they are called to other themes. They are to sail with him out upon the everwidening river of life. The poet's vision is to expand; his soul is to grow; his powers are to increase; he is to sing of the greatest things in life (stanza 9). Then, finally, on the borders of the sea of Eternity, he is to join his friend, whom he sees glorified. Nor shall he at death lose his poetical powers; for, as he explained to Gatty, "Everything that makes life beautiful here, we may hope may pass on with us beyond the grave." Thus the third cycle is appropriately brought to a close. Throughout the cycle Hope and Faith have been growing stronger, and here at the end we have a happy forecast of the still brighter moods that are to come. To note the marked growth in faith compare this poem with LXIX.

CIII, 8, c. *Anakim*: A race of giants. See *Deut.*, ix, 2.

## CYCLE IV

### SECTION TEN

CIV. The date is, of course, 1837.

1, c. *A single church*: Waltham Abbey, about two and a half miles from Beech Hill House, where the Tennysons lived; compare XXVIII, 2, a.

3, d. *New unhallow'd ground*: Compare XCIX, 2, d; and CV, 2, a.

CV, 1, *d. Strangely falls our Christmas-eve*: Compare XXX, 1, *d*; and LXXVIII, 1, *d*. Indeed, compare the poems throughout.

3, *b. Mask and mime*: as in LXXVIII, 3.

5, *b. Wassail mantle warm*: Wine flush the cheek.

6, *d. What lightens in the lucid east*: The rising stars. (So explained by T. himself to Gatty.)

7, *d. The closing cycle rich in good*: This line is the keynote of what is to come. Compare CVI, 8, *d*.

CVI. Compare with this "The Death of the Old Year."

1, *a. Ring out*, etc.: It is of interest to know that on each bell in the famous chime at Cornell University is stamped a line from this poem beginning, "Ring."

5, *c, d*. Another suggestion of the spirit of the closing cycle.

8, *d. The Christ that is to be*: Referring, as the poet said, to a time "when Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished." (*Memoir*, I, 326.)

CVII. Apropos of this poem Genung says: "The present anniversary illustrates, as has already been intimated in the Christmas-tide, how in this cycle, the spirit of hope has overcome. In the first cycle the suggestiveness of the blooming season must make its way from without into a reluctant mood (XXXVII-XXXIX); in the second cycle the calmer mood and the promising season answer spontaneously to each other (LXXXIII, LXXXVI, LXXXVIII); but here in the closing cycle the hopeful mood has so overcome the influences of season and weather that even the bitter wintry day can have no disturbing effect on the confirmed cheer within,—the mind's peace is sufficient to itself, and not dependent."

1, *a. The day when he was born*: Feb. 1.

3, *a. The brakes*: The bushes.

3, *c. Grides and clangs*: Note the "tone color", that is, the use of words of which the sound suggests the thought. Throughout this passage one can hear the noise of the storm.

3, *d. Iron horns*: This doubtless refers to the stiffness of the ice-covered twigs, and the metallic sounds they make when struck together by the wind.

4, *a. The drifts that pass*: Rolfe thinks this refers to the clouds; but, more likely, Gatty is correct in his idea that it "must allude to drifts of snow, which, falling into waters, immediately blacken before they dissolve."

CVIII-CXIV. These seven poems are all in the mood of the birthday poem. The group might well be entitled "Musings on Arthur's Birthday."

CVIII, 1, *a*. *I will not shut me from my kind*: Though shut up in the house, the poet resolves not to hold himself aloof from the world. Compare LXVI, 2. Miss Chapman appropriately observes: "More and more convinced is he that, if sorrow is indeed to bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness in him, he must no longer brood over it in solitude. Only among our kind, in human sympathy and human fellowship and human striving, can sorrow turn to profit."

4. In this stanza we have another answer to the initial query in I, 2. There, he doubted if in loss there could be any gain to match. Here, he is confident that, in spite of all he lost by Hallam's death, the sorrow which was its consequence has not failed to give him helpful teachings; and of these teachings the greatest is the value of human sympathy.

CIX. In this and the following poems, in continuance of this same train of thought, the poet reflects upon what he might have learned from Hallam, if Hallam had lived—what indeed he may still learn from the recollection of Hallam's character and life. He speaks of his friend as *original* (1, *a, b*), yet *critical* (1, *c, d*), *logical* (2, *a, b*), yet *enthusiastic* (2, *c, d*); *loving good* (3, *a*), but *not ascetic* (3, *b, c, d*); *loving freedom* (4, *a, b*), but *opposed to license* (4, *c, d*); *uniting the strength of a man with the charm of a woman* (5).

1, *b*. *Household fountains*: Various interpretations have been suggested for this expression. Of these, doubtless the best is Bradley's rendering of the passage, "springing from within, original."

4, *d*. *The blind hysterics of the Celt*: Tennyson had no admiration for the revolutionary spirit in France. Like Burke, he believed in the reign of law. Compare CXXVII, 2, *c*, and the Epilogue to "The Princess," ll. 49-71.

CX, 1, *b*. *Rathe*: Early. Compare Milton, "the rathe primrose" ("Lycidas," 142). This form of the word is almost obsolete, but its comparative *rather* is common.

2, *c*. *The serpent*: The liar or sneak.

2, *d*. *Double tongue*: Compare Vergil's expression, "Tyrios bilingues" (double-tongued Tyrians).

CXI, 1, *c*. *Golden ball*: A golden ball surmounted by a cross,

technically called the "orb", belongs with the crown and the sceptre among the insignia of royalty.

5, *b. Villain fancy*: Villain here is equivalent to churlish. (Compare 1, *a*, and 2, *a*.) Consult the dictionary for the original meaning and history of these words.

CXII. A somewhat obscure poem, the obscurity arising largely from the condensation of the thought. The difficulty has been increased by some commentators who make "glorious insufficiencies" (1, *c*) refer to Hallam. It rather refers to other men of genius who have, along with their great qualities, obvious "insufficiencies." The thought of the first three stanzas may be thus prosaically paraphrased: A wise friend chides me because I am stirred to enthusiasm neither by men who in spite of their defects are unquestionably men of genius nor by lesser men who seem perfect in their small way. The reason is that both fall so far short of Arthur, who, free from all eccentricity, combined genius with symmetry and perfection. Truly his was a unique personality.

4. The grammatical dependence here is not perfectly clear. If the words *and seeing*—easily implied from *watching* in 3, *d*—be supplied to connect the stanzas, the difficulty will be removed. The figure in this last stanza was evidently suggested by the process of world-making. Such was the power of Arthur's mind; it never failed to bring order out of chaos.

CXIII, 1. It would seem that this stanza should have been closed either with the mark of interrogation or with that of exclamation.

1, *a*. Quoted from CVIII, 4, *c*.

2, *d*. *I doubt not what thou wouldst have been*: Gladstone in his *Gleanings of Past Years* (II, 136) wrote in a similar strain. He says, in speaking of Hallam: "He is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. It would be easy to show what in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, 'This he never could have done.'" (Compare *Memoir*, I, 299; also an article by Gladstone in *The Youth's Companion*, for Jan. 6, 1898.)

3, *d*. *A pillar steadfast in the storm*: The best comment on

this and the following lines is made by Gladstone. He says (see article in *The Youth's Companion* cited above): "On the whole it [the nineteenth century] has had for its prevailing note the abandonment and removal of restraints. . . . The motto of the race has been, 'Unhand me.' . . . We have been set free from unlawful and (sometimes) from lawful, from arbitrary and (sometimes) from salutary control. . . . It is evident that the great and sudden augmentation of liberty in a thousand forms places under an aggravated strain the balance which governs humanity both in thought and conduct. And upon my heightened retrospect, I must advisedly declare that I have never in the actual experience of life, known a man who seemed to me to possess all the numerous and varied qualifications required to meet this growing demand in anything like the measure in which Arthur Hallam exhibited these budding, nay, already flowering, gifts."

CXIV. The thought of Hallam's rare qualities suggests the vital difference between Wisdom and mere Knowledge.

1, *d. Her pillars*: The Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) were regarded by the ancients as marking the world's limit.

3, *b. She cannot fight the fear of death*: Compare LV and LVI.

3, *d. Some wild Pallas from the brain*: According to Greek myth, Pallas (Minerva) sprang full-armed from the brain of Zeus.

5, *d. Wisdom*: For the distinction between knowledge and wisdom, compare *Prologue*, 6 and 7; also "Locksley Hall" (l. 141), "Love and Duty" (ll. 23-25), "The Ancient Sage" (l. 37 and following). Compare, too, Cowper's famous passage ("The Task," VI, 88-97) beginning—

"Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oft times no connection."

and closing—

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

7, *d. Reverence*: Compare *Prologue*, 7.

CXV. Compare with other spring poems as XXXVIII and XCI.

1, *b. Burgeons*: Buds or sprouts. *Maze of quick*: Hawthorn clumps and hedgerows. Compare LXXXVIII, 1, *b*, and note.

1, *c. Squares*: Fields.

1, *d.* *Ashen roots*: The roots of ash trees.

2, *d.* *The lark becomes a sightless song*: Compare Shelley, "To a Skylark" (stanza 4 and following); Wordsworth, "To a Skylark," etc.

CXVI. Closely connected with preceding.

1, *d.* *The crescent prime*: Spring, the growing season. Compare XLIII, 4, *c*, where *prime* means dawn.

CXVII. The forward look of the preceding suggests the question as to the value of the present. This is the theme of this poem and the following.

3. Note the four ways of measuring time alluded to here.

CXVIII. Compare LV, LVI. In these poems the poet turned to nature, but found no suggestions of comfort. Now in a happier mood and with a broader vision he contemplates all the work of Time, and sees in its eternal process, ever moving on to higher forms and an ampler life, a type of the progress of the human spirit.

2, *c.* *They*: Refers to Laplace, and other advocates of the nebular hypothesis. Compare with this passage, "The Princess," II, 101 and following.

3, *c.* *Cyclic storms*: Probably cycle-long storms.

4, *b.* *The herald of a higher race*: Compare CIII, 9, *c*; also *Epilogue*, 32, *d*, and following. Is this a race different from man, or man in a perfected state? Probably the latter. Compare "The Dawn" (stanza v).

4, *d.* *If so he type*, etc.: If so be that he exemplify, etc.

5, *b.* *Or, crown'd with attributes of woe*, etc.: The poet suggests two methods of human development: first, a natural development governed by the general laws of life; second, a special development, the product of a free will working out its own salvation, and changing the "attributes of woe" into crowns of glory. The first is described in 4; the second begins with 5, *b*.

7, *b.* *The reeling Faun*: The fauns were mythical creatures, half divine, half animal. Here, the reference is to the grosser nature of man.

7, *c.* *Move upward, working out the beast*: Tennyson later accepted the evolutionary idea that man's body is evolved from the lower orders of life, and frequently refers to it in his later poems. Compare, among many passages, "The Ancient Sage" (l. 276), "By an Evolutionist," "The Making of Man." But he wrote this passage several years before the publication of Dar-



win's *Origin of Species*; and it is by no means certain that the poet by "beast" here meant anything more than the gross sensual passions.

CXIX. Compare VII. Note the utter change in mood, and how the background of each corresponds to its general tone.

1, d. *The meadow in the street*: Loads of new hay coming in for the early market.

CXX. Closely connected with CXVIII, CXIX being parenthetical.

1, c. *Magnetic mockeries*: Automatic machines working by electricity. (Compare CXXV, 4, c.)

1, d. *Like Paul with beasts*: See I. Cor., xv, 32.

2, a. *Not only cunning casts in clay*: Connect grammatically with 1, b. "I think we are not wholly brain . . . not only cunning casts," etc.

2, d. *I would not stay*: The poet was always an ardent opponent of every form of materialism. He once said: "Take away the sense of individual responsibility and men sink into pessimism and madness." At the end of his poem "Despair," he wrote: "In my boyhood I came across the Calvinist creed, and assuredly however unfathomable the mystery, if one cannot believe in the freedom of the human will as of the Divine, life is hardly worth having." (*Memoir*, I, 317.) Note also "Vastness," XVI, and following.

3, a. *Let him, the wiser man*, etc.: Ironical, spoken against materialism; but, as the poet adds, "not against evolution." (Gatty.)

CXXI. Stopford Brooke calls this poem "the most finished piece of conscious art in *In Memoriam*."

1, a. *Hesper*: The Greek name for the planet Venus in the character of the evening star.

2. Evening scenes. The last line refers to sleep.

3, a. *Phosphor*: The "light-bearer." The Greek name for Venus in the character of the morning star. Compare IX, 3, b.

3, c. *The wakeful bird*: The cock.

5, c. *My present and my past*: Some of the commentators have misunderstood this stanza, though the meaning seems evident. The poet likens himself to the star; in his former moods of grief, he was like Hesper; in his present mood of faith, he is like Phosphor.

CXXII, 1, a and following. *Then, While I rose up against my*

doom, etc.: The reference is, apparently, to the trance described in XCV. *Doom*: Grief.

CXXIII, 1, *b*. *O earth, what changes hast thou seen*: For a similar thought see "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," IX, 28-34. Compare also Shakespeare, Sonnet lxiv.

3, *c*, *d*. *Tho' my lips may breathe adieu*, etc.: Compare LVII, 3 and 4; noting the difference in mood.

CXXIV, 1, *c*, *d*. *He, They, One, All*, etc.: These words suggest the different conceptions under which men in various times and places have worshipped the Divine. Compare "Akbar's Dream":

"That Infinite  
Within us, as without, that All-in-all,  
And over all, the never-changing One  
And ever-changing Many."

Hallam Tennyson writes of his father: "He dreaded the dogmatism of sects and rash definitions of God. 'I dare hardly name His name', he would say, and accordingly he named Him in 'The Ancient Sage,' the 'Nameless.'" (*Memoir*, I, 311.)

2, *a*. *I found Him not*, etc.: The poet does not mean that these things are not manifestations of God (compare "Flower in the Crannied Wall"); but that the deepest revelation of the Divine comes not through reason or by science. Compare LIV-LVI, and notes, CXIV; also "The Ancient Sage," 31-77. "In the summer of 1892 he exclaimed: 'Yet God is love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world.'" (*Memoir*, I, 314.)

4, *d*. "*I have felt*": A vital element in the question, which science has been slow to acknowledge, but to which the poet attached much weight. He once wrote to a stranger who questioned him about the future life: "I can only say that I sympathize with your grief, and if faith means anything at all it is trusting to those instincts, or feelings, or whatever they may be called, which assure us of some life after this." (*Memoir*, I, 495.)

5. The reference here is to LIV, 5.

6, *c*. *Out of darkness came the hands*: Compare LV, 4, 5. Professor Sidgwick made some very suggestive comments on this poem in a letter to the present Lord Tennyson. See *Memoir*, I, 302-3.

CXXV, 1, *b*. *Some bitter notes my harp would give*: Bradley is doubtless correct when he says that this is "a harsh contraction



for 'In spite of the bitter notes which my harp would sometimes give'."

1, *d*. *A contradiction on the tongue*: As in the "lying lips" of III and XXXIX.

4, *c*. *Electric force*: Vital force. Compare "magnetic," CXX, 1, *c*.

CXXVI. "Love is his King. He waits in Love's court on earth, and his friend is elsewhere; but from end to end of Love's Kingdom, which is the universe, pass messages and assurances that all is well."—Bradley.

3, *d*. *All is well*: An allusion to the old custom of the sentinel's crying the hours at night, adding "All's well."

CXXVII, 1, *a*. *All is well*: Caught up from the last line of the preceding.

1, *d*. *A deeper voice*: The still small voice of the heart. Compare CXXIV, 4, and I *Kings*, xix, 11, 12.

2, *a*. *Proclaiming*: Supply after this word the conjunction *that*.

2, *c*. *The red fool-fury of the Seine*: Compare CIX, 4, *d*, and note. Some have thought that the poet had in mind here the revolution of 1848; but he told Gatty that it was written prior to 1848. The reference therefore is doubtless to the horrors of the French Revolution, 1789-95. The meaning is that, even if there should be three more revolutions each as bad as the Reign of Terror, he would still have faith in God and Good.

3, 4. The thought of these condensed and highly figurative stanzas seems to be that in the process of social evolution, two existing social elements, the king and the beggar, are destined to disappear. The change will not, however, be brought about without bloodshed, though already the framework that supports the old order is toppling and melting like ice in spring time.

CXXVIII, 1, *c*. *The lesser faith*: This faith is "lesser" than "love" because it has to do only with "the course of human things" (*d*) while by "love" is meant the greater faith that has to do with Spiritual Realities and Eternal Verities. The latter is the theme of CXXVI; the former of CXXVII. The object of this poem is to assert kinship between the two, and to carry farther the thought of CXXVII. Doubtless the poet had in mind I Cor., xiii, 8 and 13. In regard to the ideas expressed in this poem Davidson pertinently says: "That higher insight which we call faith, and upon which we depend for the most vital truths, is feeble when

dissociated from love. It is through love that a man rises to faith, and through faith that he rises to God, 'from whom is every good and perfect gift.'"

2-5. The thought of these stanzas is that humanity must doubtless yet pass through many changes and revolutions, but that more than mere change is to be the result. In spite of eddies and counter currents, the great movement is onward. Compare "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

6. *b.* *I see in part:* Compare I *Cor.*, xiii, 12.

6, *d.* *Toil coöperant to an end:* This is a clear statement of the poet's philosophy. His teleology is a far vaster conception than the old teleology of *The Bridgewater Treatise*. Compare "The Two Voices," stanza 99, and *Epilogue*, 36, *c, d.*

CXXIX. A beautiful poem of idealized love in which the poet associates his friend, now glorified, with all that is highest and best. Sorrow seems utterly lost in the certain joy of assured reunion.

3, *c, d.* *I dream a dream of good,* etc.: A forecast of the next poem.

CXXX. The thought of the closing line of the preceding is here expanded. Compare "Adonais," xlii, xliii; but note that Tennyson avoids the vague pantheism of Shelley. He believes in the continuance of his friend's personal existence in addition to his association with all forms of loveliness. This idea is emphasized in CXXXI.

3, *b.* *My love is vaster passion now:* Compare *Epilogue*, 3, 5; and *Prologue*, 10. The initial query in I, 2, is now finally and fully answered. Again and again has the poet noted minor instances of gain in loss. Compare LXVI, 2, *a-c*; LXXIV, 2; LXXXI, 3; CVIII, 4. Here, at last, we come to the final great and all-pervading fact that the experience has made his love a "vaster passion."

CXXXI, 1, *a.* *O living will that shalt endure:* Tennyson explained this (*Memoir*, I, 319) as "that which we know as Free-will, the higher and enduring part of man." He declared that between this and the Supreme and Eternal Will there is an intimate connection. (Compare 2, *d.*) The poet often, as here, insisted on the eternal reality of this spiritual element in man compared with the ephemeral character of physical phenomena. ("all that seems," *b.*) He once said: "There are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh

to be the vision, God and the spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual *is* the real. . . . You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence; I could believe you. But you never, never can convince me that the *I* is not an eternal Reality, and the Spiritual is not the true and real part of me." (*Memoir*, II, 90.) Compare the phrase "Heaven-descended Will" in the poem "Will," ii, 2; also note on CXX, 2, *d*.

1, *c*. *The spiritual rock*: Compare I Cor., x, 4. "Christ is the rock from which springs the fountain of the will." (Van Dyke.)

2, *d*. *One that with us works*: See I Cor., iii, 9.

3, *b*. *Truths that never can be proved*: Compare "The Ancient Sage," 56-67.

In regard to this closing poem Robinson says: "In this last canto there is laid bare before us the innermost working of the mind of the poet, and we are permitted to trace the steps by which he has been enabled to rise to 'higher things.' It has been from his increasing sense of the reality of the spiritual in human nature that he has gained his strong conviction of the existence and character of God; and it has been upon this two-fold assurance that he has built his hopes of immortality and the ultimate fulfillment of all noblest ideals.

"The argument is not so much that of logic as of life. It follows that if the hopes are to remain it can only be because the experience upon which they are based is continually being renewed. Hence the solemn earnestness of his wish for himself and for us."

EPILOGUE. This marriage song was written in honor of the marriage of the poet's sister Cecilia to Professor Edmund L. Lushington, Oct. 10, 1842.

1, *a*. *O true and tried*: Compare LXXXV, 2, *a*.

2, *b*, *c*. *Since first he told me that he loved*, etc.: This, of course, refers to Hallam's engagement to Emily Tennyson.

6. With this stanza compare Prologue, 11.

12, *a*. *I that danced her on my knee*: Alfred was eight years older than his sister Cecilia. (Compare *Memoir*, I, 5.)

13, *b*. *Her feet, my darling, on the dead*: That is, on the slabs covering the graves of those buried near the altar. Compare X, 4, *c*, and note.

13, *c*. *Their pensive tablets*: The mural monuments.

27, *d*. *A rising fire*: Explained in the next line.

31, *a*. *Sounds*: Construe, of course, not as a noun, but as a verb coördinate with *rest*. The phrase *by which* belongs to both.

31, *c*. *A soul shall draw from out the vast*: Compare "De Profundis," also "Crossing the Bar," 2, *c*.

32, *d*. *The crowning race*: Compare CXVIII, 4, *b*.

Some have criticised the poet for closing his elegy with this happy marriage song, but the poet replied that he meant it to be "a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness." (*Memoir*, 1, 304). Genung puts the idea very happily: "The poem that began with death, over which in its long course it has found love triumphant, now ends with marriage, that highest earthly illustration of crowned and completed love." Besides being in itself a beautiful epithalamium, the poem sums up in concrete and vivid way the results of the poet's long struggle with grief and doubt. The following points may be noted:

1. Regret has ceased, but love is greater than before. (3-5.)
2. The poet feels himself a stronger and a wiser man than in the days gone by. (5-6.)
3. His heart is at peace and life seems full of joy. (17-21.)
4. He thinks of his friend as still existent, and perhaps present with him. (22, and 35, *d*.)
5. He looks forward to the future with a happy confidence in the development of the race and the ultimate triumph of the highest and the best. (31-34.)
6. For all these thoughts he finds assurance in the character of his glorified friend whose life was a pledge of the final union of the race with God. (35-36.)

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